MAN'S HUMANITIES TO MAN by Irwin Edman

The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XX No. 19 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1939 TEN CENTS A COPY

"WATCH FOR THE DAWN"
By Stuart Cloete
Reviewed by C. D. Abbott

"ROGUE MALE"
By Geoffrey Household
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

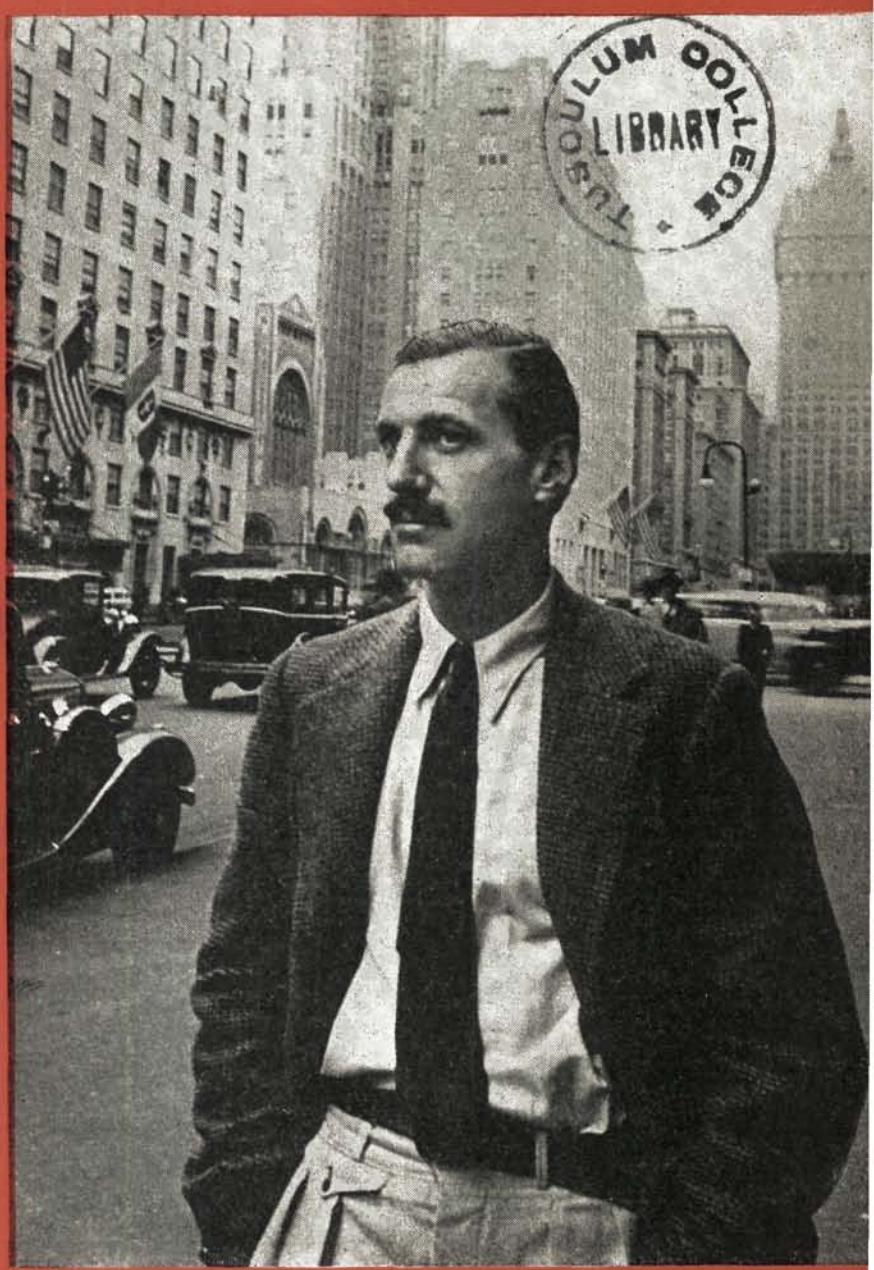
"THE ARROGANT HISTORY OF WHITE BEN"
By Clemence Dane
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

"YOU AND HEREDITY"
By Amram Scheinfeld
Reviewed by Antonio Ciocco

AMERICAN CHALLENGE
By Henry Seidel Canby

"THE YOUNG MELBOURNE"
By David Cecil
Reviewed by Alexander Cowie

"SAILOR OFF THE BREMEN"
By Irwin Shaw
Reviewed by Gould Cassal



Disraeli

STUART CLOETE (on a visit to New York): "Out of [the Boers'] sufferings Mr. Cloete has understood and loved them, and has known how to pour that love into the pages of this book" . . . *(See page 3)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE BEST IN EVERY FIELD," those who live with books say of the Macmillan list; and here are current examples:

— *In Fiction* —

JOURNEY PROUD

by

Thomasine McGehee

A story of the Southern tobacco planter, of a phase of Southern life that has not often found its way into books—and never with the charm, understanding and honesty displayed here.

Mrs. McGehee's narrative begins in Piedmont, Va., in 1850 and covers about two decades. Not written to a formula, eschewing the familiar romantic tradition of that section and period, her authentic types and gripping action leave a vivid impression on the reader. $2.50

— *In Biography* —

SIDNEY HILLMAN

LABOR STATESMAN

by

George Soule

The life-story of the labor leader who is viewed, in America and abroad, as one of the outstanding individuals in labor's modern development.

It is the history, too, of the union which represents the fruition of his theories and methods, the Amalgamated Garment Workers. Step by step, Mr. Soule traces the march of this group out of sweatshops and slums to its present preeminent position and provides, in the whole, a significant social history of our times. $2.50

— *In Public Affairs* —

DEMOCRACY

TODAY AND TOMORROW

by

Eduard Benes

Former President of Czechoslovakia

Ever since the World War, Eduard Benes has fought for Democracy in his own land and in the world at large. His name, after recent international events, has become a symbol of freedom, everywhere.

With exceptional clarity and objectivity, he here states the case for a Democratic philosophy of government. A trained historian and sociologist, Dr. Benes' work is an inspiring document in the resurgent tide of Democratic idealism, and one difficult to lay aside unmoved. $3.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man's Humanities to Man

BY IRWIN EDMAN

Disraeli

Irwin Edman

IT used to be possible to make a case for a liberal education in its own terms. Those terms may not have been very precise, but they were sufficiently clear. Any young man went to college to become acquainted with the best that had been known and thought in the world, and the best was mediated through the classics, through the sciences, and through mathematics. The classics, though they were taught largely as grammar, were the common avenue through which one became acquainted with the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. The sciences gave one a knowledge of nature; and the sciences, and it used to be argued the classics, too, gave one a mental discipline. Whether these results were accomplished by these disciplines is beyond the point. The point was the intention, and the intention was that of a well bred, well informed, cultivated gentleman, an American replica of the nineteenth century Oxford ideal, Matthew Arnold with a Boston accent.

It has long been difficult, it has of late become almost impossible, to make the case for a "liberal" education in the old Olympian terms. After the arrival of Darwin and of the experimental laboratory, it was difficult to insist on the exclusive prerogative of the humanities. With the lapse of the classical languages or their degeneration in schools into mere grammatical exercises, it became impossible to insist on Greek and Latin as the sole, or even as plausible, avenues to culture. With the rise of social sciences and professional education, the whole liberal education ideal came under suspicion. Now with the rise of dictatorships and of the threat of destruction, the whole ideal of a liberal education is on the defensive. If we are to plead for culture, it must be with a realization that whatever it is, it must have its career in the midst of chaos. Sweetness and light, if they are still to persist, must do so in a society increasingly marked by bitterness and darkness.

Yet the odd fact remains that in many different colleges and universities in this country and for many different reasons, there has been a recent and marked re-emphasis on humanistic studies, and at Columbia, at Chicago, at St. John's in Annapolis, to take just a few examples, an exposure to, a training in, the great monuments of thought and writing and art in the Western tradition has with relative suddenness come to be regarded as a must for undergraduates; and at the very beginning of their college careers Freshmen and Sophomores, all of them, are required in these institutions to undertake courses of study in which the materials of education are "great books," not read about, but actually read. In some institutions there is requirement, too, in the acquaintance with masterpieces of painting and music in the Western world. Culture, if the makers of college curriculums have anything to say, is coming in for a renaissance.

The first question to ask is, "Why?" Why at this particular juncture of affairs when today is black with disaster, should students suddenly be expected again to become acquainted with the great works of the past as part of their equipment for dealing with the future, of part of their life as living contemporary human beings? There are several incidental reasons, and these have to do largely with the failure of some of the other things that have been tried.

The experimental laboratory is for the general student not an exercise in scientific method but an obstacle race to come out with the answer in the back of the book. The social sciences have given a vast deal of miscellaneous information and miscellaneous theory, but they have not provided for the average student any deeper or even more exact human understanding. The courses in the history of literature have traced influences and given names and periods, but they have not promoted a love of literature or an appreciation, in any precise or illuminating sense, of the art of writing. College curricula have been miscellany subjects. One is reminded of Stephen Leacock's parable of the young American student he met one summer who explained that in the autumn he proposed to study Turkish, music, and architecture. "What," asked the author, "do you expect to be a choromaster of a Turkish cathedral?" "No," replied the student, "they come at nine, ten, and eleven."

There was, at least, in the older dispensation a common body of material and a common discourse. Educated men could understand each other; they spoke the same terms and the background of their imaginative heritage was the same. Moreover they dealt at first hand with first-rate things. For the convenience of pedagogy adapted to colleges with large classes or with small libraries, the American college had degenerated into the use of textbooks. Now a text, apart from being a convenient source of income to a professor, is easily

Next Week

DANIEL BOONE
By JOHN BAKELESS
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN
By DALTON TRUMBO
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taught and, considering what it is, easily learned. It is capsulated for easy consumption by the student mind. It can be regurgitated on reëxamination. It is second-rate provender for second-rate minds by, normally, second-rate minds. There have been a few textbooks that were real books. Paulsen's famous "Einleitung in die Philosophie" was one of them and James's "Psychology" was another and a greater. But the textbook is a classroom device, and students even more than their professors knew they were not in the presence of releasing or illuminating literature or first-hand science or original thought. Students no longer studied the great tradition. What they studied was not great and it had no tradition.

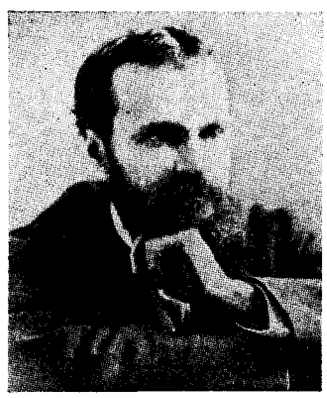
Even when colleges still offered "great books," it was not their greatness or their beauty that was the preoccupation of the student or of his teacher. Shakespeare was used as an exercise in grammar, archeology, or history; Virgil became a Roman grammarian's holiday.

The results of all this on or as education have long been patent, not simply on campuses or to those professionally concerned with college education. They have long been notorious in the quality of the intellectual life and imaginative taste in the presumably educated classes of America, those who have had the advantage of a college education. There is no longer a common cultural heritage, unless the fact that everybody has conjugated Hamlet in high school may be said to constitute one. Questionnaires of alumni ten years out of college show a shocking lapse, if it ever existed, of the habit of reading. The classics are books noted in the textbooks on the history of literature or used to illustrate grammar or literary archeology. Philosophy is a system of isms and dialectical controversies confined largely to conferences and congresses of the authors of philosophical textbooks.

Meanwhile the social sciences, which vary, too, with the teacher and the textbook, have succeeded only in producing a vocabulary at once pretentious and vague. Neither the love of ideas nor the understanding of them has been nourished by the new disciplines, and the older ones have almost promoted a distaste for them. If in many colleges the students take other things more seriously than their courses, find the football coach more genuinely scientific than the sociologists, and the sports writers more interested in living speech than their teachers of literature, edged and important ideas elsewhere than in the textbooks of philosophy or the lectures of professional philosophers, many have thought their preferences plausible.

It is no wonder that, since the routine program of college education has failed at so many points, there should have been so much tinkering with the curriculum in the past twenty-five years. But in attempting to make education an equipment for understanding the present and facing the future with courage, serenity, and understanding, it has dawned upon educators that the old tradition of a humanistic education had something to say for itself. The world may be going to smash but a good book remains a good book, and there is a curious datelessness about the first rate. The plays of Sophocles, even in translation, are astonishingly good reading to the surprised student, and the Greeks, talking about things that always matter and talking about them with directness and the simple art of genius, are, also to the student's surprise, astonishingly relevant. They date incomparably less than the novels of ten years ago.

It began to occur to college teachers in various parts of the country that something like the values of the old classical curriculum could be revived, and some of the futilities of mere lip service to the classics avoided. Why not ask students to read first-rate books instead of second-rate ones? Why not ask them to read the books themselves instead of manuals about them? There might not be anything like universal assent as to what constituted the greatest books. But if one examines the list of books in any one of the new Humanities courses, there will, I think, be very little disagreement that the books particular college faculties have chosen are books of the highest interest, entertainment, and art. They are important in dozens of ways; they each reflect a period; they have influenced generations of men; they are long standing embodiments of central human feelings, interests, and ideas. But what is more important, they are excellent books in their own right and in their own terms. Anyone coming upon them would find his experience ripened and deepened, his delight intensified, his mind stimulated and liberated. Older professors raised their eyebrows. Freshman read Plato's "Republic," Aristotle's "Ethics," Dante's "Divine Comedy," Goethe's "Faust." These books have made a lifetime of study for trained scholars. How can youngsters read them and hope in a week's reading devoted to each of these concentrated works of genius in translation, to enjoy, understand, or get anything out of them?



William James

The experiment has, as a matter of fact, been tried for three years at Columbia now. The results are at once natural and astonishing. These books were written originally to be read, and every book must be read, if it is going to be read at all, some time for the first time. Freshmen, even those least likely to respond to them, the students headed for engineering, for instance, have read them with care, with enjoyment, and with understanding. They have been reinstated into the great tradition and come early, as they probably would not have done had they not been required to do so, to travel in the realms of gold. They have been made early to realize that there is nothing necessarily forbidding about a classic and they realize that classic is a name for something not simply conventionally called good, but really good, interesting, provocative, entertaining. Some of the books in the Columbia, Chicago, or St. John's list are difficult, Spinoza's "Ethics," for example. But part of the stimulation of the new plan lies in the fact that the material has a bite and a challenge to it. The young readers, with sounder instincts and more intellectual capacity than we are generally ready to acknowledge, respect what they read and have a capacity not touched off by the second-rate to deal with the first-rate. They have the inestimable early advantage of being brought into intellectual and responsible relation with the processes and the results of clear thinking and disciplined art. The whole tone of education is raised, and it becomes genuinely educative when books of the first order are used as the instruments for exercising the minds and imagination.

The revival of the humanities is thus not an attempt to pulmotor into life books long dead. The books in these new humanities courses are not dead; they are studied as living literature and thought, and as preëminent examples of literary art. Insofar as they are alive, and students like hun-

(*Continued on page* 16)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Joseph Hilton Smyth, President; Harrison Smith, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription $4 a year; Canada $4.50. Vol. XX, No. 19, September 2, 1939. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before the Boer Trek

WATCH FOR THE DAWN. By Stuart Cloete. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1939. 489 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

MR. CLOETE'S mastery of the background of South African history and his singular knowledge of Boer character were demonstrated two years ago in that saga of the great northern trek, "The Turning Wheels." It was a novel not easily forgotten. The broad honesty of its realism, the tenseness of its action, and, above all, its firm emphasis upon the rugged, earthy, primeval elements of life gave it a quality by no means always found in narratives of adventure, however factually accurate their progress. Now, with much the same material and with exactly the same skill, Mr. Cloete does it again.

The period is earlier. The Napoleonic wars are just over, and the English government at the Cape, more confident of its power, is pursuing its policies with greater strenuousness. Rebellion is already stirring among the Boers, particularly among those who have planted their homesteads along the northern outposts, under the very shadow of Kaffirland. They have fled sullenly to these regions to escape the dominion of their rulers, but even here the tax-officers and the courts harry them. To this country comes on a trading expedition the promising son of a rich southerner, young Kaspar van der Berg (nephew, but equal in age, of the Hendrik whose exploits are a feature of "The Turning Wheels"). Frank, innocent, still little more than a boy, he is caught in the border troubles. Almost accidentally he kills a British soldier, one of a squad trying to carry off old Frederik Bezuidenhout who has refused to appear when summoned to court. The old man is shot, and Kaspar, escaping with his life, is turned into an unwilling outlaw who must spend the rest of his years avoiding the established order of the Cape's dominion.

He joins the body of picturesque renegades who have pitched their camp north of the Great Fish River, and who flourish on a hatred of England. He goes trading into still further northern fastnesses, becomes the friend of the king of the Matabele, with whose permission he leads a hunting expedition into the country of the elephants and returns rich in ivory. He plays his part in an abortive and tragic uprising of the border Boers and again escapes from vindictive British justice, almost by a miracle. But all the while his only desire is to become the simple Dutch farmer that his father was before him, to settle down with the woman he loves on the acres that he can wrest from the wilderness, to have about him the horses, the cattle, and the sheep that are the pride of a Boer's heart. Eventually he can achieve this, but only by penetrating ever further north, by braving the savages, by choosing a site to which the British advance may not reach. Such, in one man's case, was the beginning of the struggle which was to last through several generations and to disappear only in that cruel war at the beginning of our own century.

This is Kaspar's book. He is the typical Boer, in whom all the men of his race are amalgamated. His life is the epitome of their lives, pious, forthright, genuinely well-meaning. It was their tragedy that they were too honestly independent to endure the not always unjust exactions of another well-meaning people. They and the whole of South Africa suffered for it. Out of their sufferings Mr. Cloete has understood and loved them, and has known how to pour that love into the pages of this book where it vibrates warm and alive. May he do it again and still again!

Charles David Abbott is librarian of the University of Buffalo.

Stalking a Dictator

ROGUE MALE. By Geoffrey Household. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. 280 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

A FAVORITE theme for parlor discussion among detective story addicts used to be "How would you commit a murder?" Recently, this has often been superseded by the more difficult question, "How would you go about killing a dictator?" The question of method, at least, was easy for the anonymous narrator in "Rogue Male" (you will find at the end that he has a good reason for writing down his experiences and for concealing his name). He was, we gather, an Englishman of good family, with some reputation as an explorer; and he was a big game hunter. He set out to hunt the biggest game of all—man, the best-guarded man. He sets out from Poland, but after that his geography also is carefully vague, so that though in all obviousness his quarry is Hitler at Berchtesgaden, it could, if you insist, be Stalin, and begins his stalk. This is the story of how his attempt failed—his first attempt, that is; of how he was taken in the act and managed to get away from his captors, only to find himself in a strange country, with a man-hunt after him, disabled for a few days and conspicuously disfigured for many more; of how he got back to England, to find the man-hunt continuing, with deadly persistence. Neither he nor his pursuers wish to involve their governments, and the affair is fought out as a private war, first across London and then in the country where the hero stands a regular siege.

Those who remember Mr. Household's first novel, "The Third Hour," which was a remarkable combination

Percy S. Smith

Geoffrey Household: "Those who remember Mr. Household's first novel, a combination of the adventure story and the novel of ideas, will expect much of this; and they will not be disappointed" . . .

of the adventure story and the novel of ideas, will expect much of this; and they will not be disappointed. It keeps to the level of the pure action-story; but on that level it could hardly be better. One criticism that should be made is that of the motive; for a good part of the book the hero protests too much that he stalked the dictator out of a purely sporting spirit, to see if it could be done; toward the end he acknowledges, rather shamefacedly and unconvincingly, that he had been in love with a girl whom the dictator had put to death, and that is why he is going out now to have another shot. Of all the worn-out conventions of nineteenth-century

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

melodrama, perhaps the most absurd was that all events, no matter how world-shattering, are of interest to a man only because they affect some woman (as in Mr. H. G. Wells's "War of the Worlds," where the hero's chief concern with the threatened destruction of humanity was that he was in love with one member of the human race.) There are surely reasons enough in any one day's newspaper for taking a shot at a dictator, without having recourse to this personal animosity.

Apart from that, you are not likely to find a better adventure story. The hero is a real character; you can believe in him as an explorer who went to a good school. Its escapes (except perhaps the first) are plausible; its hero's dispositions are exact and strategic. And it has that best of all qualities in a book of this kind, that it is impossible to stop reading.

Clemence Dane's Politico-Fantasy

THE ARROGANT HISTORY OF WHITE BEN. By Clemence Dane. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 367 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THERE is a fantastic element in politics; there is, or should be, no political element in fantasy: that is why politico-fantasy is so difficult to write—it is often merely politics out of control. Miss Clemence Dane's latest novel is a politico-fantasy, and I wish I could say that she had managed to keep her politics in order. But that would have been a miracle—not impossible of achievement, to be sure, but not achieved in "The Arrogant History of White Ben."

Clemence Dane

In the first place, White Ben is a bore. Once a scarecrow, he becomes a man because a little girl called Elly thrust a mandrake root into his breast; the mandrake root, stimulated by an air raid, turns into a kind of magic heart; and White Ben begins to walk and talk. This happens in the 1950s, in the English midlands, towards the close of the next war. White Ben had been dressed in a white mackintosh before his metamorphosis, which gave him his name; and his conversation was about nothing but getting rid of crows, which makes him a bore after a very few pages of it.

England like all the world was exhausted, though victorious: the war died out. A dubious financier called Lord Bothering, with an aeroplane racket, decided that White Ben would make a admirable front man for his schemes, and the talk of crows took on a political significance. The crows turned into (a) aliens, (b) usurers, (c) people with no visible occupation. Later still, crows were any people with whom Ben did not agree, for White Ben became the dictator of England.

He was a child's creation. He was mad. He listened to voices that came to him from the ground; then to the voices of human beings. He had no ideas of his own, but absorbed the ideas of others. He had some vague notion of England for the English, and a catchword. It is not difficult to discern his prototype in the world of today, or to applaud Miss Dane's satire.

But the future wears already an intolerable face, and the pessimism of Miss Dane isn't any help at all. Is the next war, if it must come, only to produce at its conclusion the very conditions that brought it about? Are we to suppose that the people of England, having seen the collapse of one set of dictators, will immediately fall under the similar but less credible spell of a White Ben? Nobody could believe this and want to go on living; but this is what Miss Dane seems to want us to believe. To the weary reiterations of Ben's talk, she adds this weary thought. It's really too much. The human characters who surround and exploit her fantastic ex-scarecrow might have been interesting in another setting—in today or in yesterday, which challenge more than ever the exploration of the novelist. But no—she packs them all on the back of a large, sad, runaway political horse, and sends them bumping off into the future. The best one can say for "The Arrogant History of White Ben" is that it has some good wasted writing in it, and that a lesser writer would be more easily forgiven for having written it at all.

George Dangerfield is the author of "The Strange Death of Liberal England."

An Incursion into Genetics

YOU AND HEREDITY. By Amram Scheinfeld, assisted by Morton D. Schweitzer. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1939. 434 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by ANTONIO CIOCCO

A FEW years ago Mr. Scheinfeld discovered that he, like most laymen, was only faintly aware that since the turn of the century a great deal of precise knowledge has

Amram Scheinfeld

been acquired concerning the ways and means by which man and other living creatures inherit traits and transmit them to their offspring. With laudable enthusiasm he therefore earnestly set about to familiarize himself with the progress achieved in genetics, and as a result presents in this book the more interesting and vital facts and ideas derived from his incursion into this field of science. It is to be noted immediately that while the book is written expressly for the layman and by a layman it is not "amateurish." The author demonstrates an unusual appreciation of the scientific viewpoint and method, and combines objectivity with the ability to expound the subject clearly and in a fashion to excite popular interest.

His book opens with a short historical sketch on the development of modern genetics and is followed by a chapter which deals with fertilization and with the spermatozoa, the egg, and their constituents. Subsequently the author discusses the function of these elements in relation to the transmission of characteristics from generation to generation; and then

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

proceeds at some length to illustrate the modes of inheritance of those traits about which there is general interest and also misconception, *viz:* —sex, eyes, hair and skin color, physical features, body build, blood-groups, and liability to disease. In addition, he comments on hermaphroditism, twinning, and the Dionne quintuplets, and he presents data that should enable parents with certain physical characteristics to predict the chances that the same or other peculiarities will appear in their offspring.

Mr. Scheinfeld examines also the available information regarding the hereditary transmission of intelligence, aptitude, talent, and general behavioristic traits. Since there is little definitive knowledge about such matters, he limits himself in general to a consideration of the contradictory views on the relative influence of nature and nurture. Included in this section is a full description of an original inquiry made by the author on the prevalence of musical and vocal talent in the families of selected famous musicians and singers. Lack of any control data, besides the difficulties inherent in this type of investigation, make the results rather inconclusive. The book closes with a discusion on the problems of race, fertility, and eugenics.

From this rapid survey of the contents it is obvious that Mr. Scheinfeld has covered a number of topics, each of which would need at least a volume to receive adequate treatment; however, the summaries presented here are sufficient for the purposes of the book. As is always the case when scientific popularization is attempted, the author is faced with the problem of speaking with assurance about matters which can be and often are minor fads in scientific viewpoints. For example, he appears to give undue importance to the view that genes are strung on the chromosomes like beads on a string, a view that is undergoing considerable reformulation. Another problem which confronts the author of this type of compilation is to choose the authority from whom to quote—not always as easy as it sounds. Scheinfeld, for instance, has been led astray with respect to the question of sex determination. The chapter on this subject contains questionable assertions and generalizations that have crept into scientific literature but have never received the support of probative evidence. Such errors as these, however, can hardly be avoided even in textbooks meant for scholars, and in effect detract only a little from the generally high quality of this work.

Antonio Ciocco is a member of the department of biology of the Johns Hopkins University.

Iceland Past and Present

ICELAND, THE FIRST AMERICAN REPUBLIC. By Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1939. 275 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STEFAN EINARSSON

FOR a long time scholars have known, and even the general public has been aware, that Greenland and the American Continent were found and settled by Norsemen of Iceland. Now Vilhjálmur Stefánsson, the American-Icelandic explorer and author, undertakes to prove that Iceland geographically belongs to America rather than to Europe. It is an arguable point of view, and no one can deny the fact that Iceland has actually been a stepping stone between the two continents. From this point of view Stefánsson writes an introductory chapter on the First and Second American Republics, *viz.,* Iceland and Greenland, discussing with much learning and on the basis of some new facts (culled from medieval books on falconry) the pre-history of Iceland and its relations to Greenland and to the American Continent. Some of the matter here presented, not least the pre-history of Iceland, could give rise to a lively critical discussion, because the facts are too few for a settled opinion.

Not so with the following chapters of the book, whose content is best indicated by their headings: Iceland and its History, Literature, Iceland Today, Education, Medical Services, Health and Social Conditions, The Coöperative Movement in Iceland, Agriculture, Fisheries, Other Industries, Commerce, Communications, Iceland for Tourists, and Icelanders in the Americas. With the exception of the first two and the last one, these chapters are based on reports from various departments of the Icelandic government, and as such should be reliable. How interesting, is another question, which readers will have to decide for themselves. But if the Russian experiment in communism is interesting, so ought to be the Icelandic experiment in democracy. Iceland, like Sweden, has tried the middle way, chiefly guided through its coöperative movement. If Iceland has not attained as brilliant results as Sweden, it is because it was still medieval economically by the turn of the century and has also otherwise had a much steeper course to run. It follows that as a laboratory for democracy it is even more interesting than Sweden. The forty years since 1900 have, indeed, been almost American in tempo and achievements.

Even today the Icelanders' claim to be a cultured nation rests chiefly upon their literature, which, though medieval, is so surprisingly modern that at least one American president has been known to prefer it to detective stories. But Icelandic literature is not all of the past, as hasty readers of this book might suspect (they should read R. Beck's chapters in F. Blankner's "History of the Scandinavian Literatures.") Mr. Stefánsson's book is a work that does honor to the well known author, to his old and interesting home land, and to the American publisher.

Stefán Einarsson is on the staff of the Johns Hopkins University.

Akureyri—"Capital of the North."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS..... Editor
JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH } Publishers
HARRISON SMITH ..... }
AMY LOVEMAN..... Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY } Contributing
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY }

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1939, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Sidney Howard

THE fateful accident which cut short Sidney Howard's life on August 23 will not destroy his brightness and power. No one who knew him can cease to be influenced by the fine, sharp-edged mind and the sympathetic interest that played like fire over everything human. And the group of men and women who stood about the grave in the little cemetery at Tyringham, in spite of their sense of cruelty of the event, felt, and feel, that something permanent remained and will remain to them.

He was always fascinating for the splendid old reason that he himself was fascinated by others. It is a truism, but will bear repeating because it is true. His immense legitimate curiosity made it impossible for him to be bored, and utterly impossible for him to bore other men. Even as an undergraduate, when you said something to him in or out of the classroom, he had a detached, almost scientific, interest in the motive and reason which impelled you to take whatever position you took. You were, so to say, investigated, but so courteously and amiably that you enjoyed it, provided you had been straightforward with him. But he could be a difficult if salutary companion for persons given to affectation of whatever kind. And at least one dramatic critic has never forgotten a rejoinder Howard delivered after the great man had struck his pose once too often.

I am fortunate in having known many fine talkers. But Sidney Howard's conversation was of a special character. It was terse almost to the point of abruptness, and it was always energetic and intense with belief. It had a yea and a nay in it, remarkably satisfactory by comparison with the graceful equivocations of so many persons who enjoy a reputation for talking well. One was pleased by his frank condemnation and commendation, because it is impossible to resist the simplicity of the genuine. A great name had no terrors for him. And he was correspondingly gentle to little ones. Few men have been less affected by the hateful snobbery of literary fashion. He knew that Ibsen was a gigantic figure, even if Broadway said that he dated, just as he put his finger with sudden exactness on the psychological absurdity of d'Annunzio's so-called tragedies.

His own performance cannot be estimated properly in so brief a notice as this. The *New York Times,* in a fine and apt editorial, pointed out the power and the pioneering thought of "The Silver Cord" and "Yellow Jack." But "Lucky Sam McCarver," though not a stage-success, imaged forth a character who, I believe, will be remembered, when the figures of remunerative failures shall have disappeared. And there is at least one story, in a volume of tales called "Four Flights Up," which a reader keeps in mind after fifteen years because of the superb manner in which not the wickedness but the silliness of the times is indicated.

Our ideas become obsolete as the times change around us. But, as certain of our own poets have said, if a man paints his period well, if he has a respect for the human, and in Shaw's phrase asserts it, he runs the risk of being remembered. Even in the poetry he wrote as a boy, Sidney Howard did these things. Nor do I think I am bemused by affection, when I imagine readers to come, who will understand and sympathize with our troubles, because Sidney Howard got them vividly on paper. He was of the true stock of dramatists who know that the human permanencies are more important than "trivial changes in the costume of body and mind."

What we have lost cannot even be guessed at. The mirth and the energy, the clear and furious intelligence, the generosity and kindness were part of the system of things. Superficially they are no longer part of that system. But what pleasure Sidney Howard gave us! Even though, once more to use the noble epic tag, he leaves a gap ten of our best men could not make good.

LEONARD BACON.

An Address to the Soul Occasioned by a Rain

BY EDWARD TAYLOR*

YE Flippering Soule,
Why dost between the Nippers dwell?
Not stay, nor goe. Not yea, nor yet Controle.
Doth this doe well?
Rise journy'ng when the skies fall weeping Showers,
Not o're nor under th' Clouds and Cloudy Powers.

Not yea, nor noe:
On tiptoes thus? Why sit on thorns?
Resolve the matter: Stay thyselfe or goe:
Ben't both wayes born.
Wager thyselfe against thy surplic'de see,
And win thy Coate, or let thy Coate win thee.

Is this th' Effect
To leaven thus my Spirits all?
To make my heart a Crabtree Cask direct?
A Verjuc'te Hall?
As Bottle Ale, whose Spirits prison'd must
When jogg'd, the bung with Violence doth burst?

Shall I be made
A sparkling Wildfire Shop,
Where my dull Spirits at the Fireball trade
Do frisk and hop?
And while the Hammer doth the Anvill pay,
The first ball matter sparkles e'ry way.

One sorry fret,
An anvill Sparke, rose higher,
And in thy Temple falling, almost set
The house on fire.
Such fireballs drop[p]ing in the Temple Flame
Burns up the building: Lord, forbid the same.

In the old burying ground of Westfield, Massachusetts, one may still find the tombstone marking the grave of Edward Taylor (1644-1729) who had been remembered until two years ago as one of the Puritan ministers in frontier New England towns who served his community faithfully through a long lifetime. But in 1937 Thomas H. Johnson, engaged in research in the library of Yale University, discovered Taylor's 400-page manuscript which had once been the property of Ezra Stiles, grandson of the poet and President of Yale, who abided by Taylor's admonition that his works remain unpublished. The discovery of the verse was first announced in the New England Quarterly, *and excerpts have since appeared in two anthologies of American Literature. Herewith we print one poem from the forthcoming first edition to be published September 15 by Rockland Editions, New York.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Children's Books and Real Life*

In Reply to Robb White

SIR:—There is no doubt about Robb White's "having a terrific mad on" when he wrote the belly-aching diatribe which appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for August 12th. Otherwise he who can write so well would not have been guilty of such wild incoherence. He gets his sense of outrage over all right, but he certainly doesn't give anyone a clear idea of what its all about.

We have in our library some twenty-five copies of three of his juvenile titles and five copies of an adult job of his. This is probably typical of other sizable libraries so I doubt whether he has done so badly in spite of the fact that A. L. A. Booklist hasn't been persuaded to squeeze him into the small monthly space available for juvenile titles of all sorts — perhaps three pages for twenty titles of the super-elect with notes to guide the smaller libraries. I doubt, at a guess, whether three per cent of a month's output can hope for the cachet of inclusion.

Unfortunately for Mr. White, and despite his personal preference as a reader and writer, librarians do have to have on hand books for small children as well as intermediates' books with geographical information, and "how to do" titles as well as the roaring, swashbuckling type of adventure that appeals to boys of a certain age. Of course Mr. White doesn't like "Thimble Summer," which would never be accepted by *The American Boy* or *Boy's Life,* but a good half of the kids who frequent the libraries and demand "a good book"—each to his own taste—are girl kids who oddly enough prefer as a whole a gentler type of story than their brothers. We aren't forgetting the tomboys at that, but the Newbery medal cannot be awarded year after year for one particular type of story.

When "Smuggler's Sloop" came out, I took it home and read it with my own son and we had a rattling good time of it, but despite the life and energy and suspense in it, it has an eerie, "different" background which makes it hard to circulate except to the exceptional child. When the enthusiastic librarian — grown-ups like it — overpersuade a reluctant average youngster to take it out, it may come back with just the comment Mr. White voices, "Dis couldn't happen anywhere I ever been." Certainly no spontaneous word-of-mouth advertising campaign has developed. We try to cultivate more imagination and more familiarity with strange backgrounds in all our children but in the meantime libraries can't turn thumbs down on the entire majority of unimaginative plodders.

Personally we will continue to enjoy Mr. White's books ourselves, but I'm not sure that our pushing them onto balking youth will help, nor will recommending them for the small libraries whose scanty funds must be husbanded for books which will circulate. Only our large city libraries can afford the *occasional* beautifully written volume that lazes on the shelf between calls from the *occasional* sophisticated child. And for myself, I prefer my sons to learn that there is still a distinction between the type of writer who scrawls things on the sidewalk and those who write books for family consumption. I don't mind a "round damn" in a boys' book, but there is a difference between the real life to be cultivated and the real life to be avoided. This has no earthly connection with Mr. White's books, but his over-broad statement in reference to the desirability of real life in books was enough beside the point to infect me with the same lack of logic and to produce an irritation as heated as his own.

WILLIAM J. HAMILTON, *Librarian,*
Dayton Public Library,
Dayton, O.

"Sometimes I almost feel I'm not at a writers' conference."

A Book on the *Chicago Tribune*

SIR:—For some months I have been gathering material with the view to writing a social history of the *Chicago Tribune* ("unofficial," of course!). The subject is a complicated one and there are many rich veins to explore, including the *Tribune's* affiliation with the *New York Daily News,* and such personalities as Joseph Medill, Senator Medill McCormick, Joseph M. Patterson, and Robert R. McCormick. Eager as I am to do a thorough job, accurate, honest, and penetrating, I must, at the outset, emphasize that I am not trying to spin any "thesis," but to tell the complete story. For that reason, I am desirious of hearing from everyone who has any material or ideas bearing on my subject. I shall be delighted to enter into correspondence with those of every viewpoint who have suggestions to make or information to offer.

ELMER GERTZ.
821 Sunnyside Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

"Tiger-Lilies"

SIR:—I am in the process of completing a critical edition of Sidney Lanier's war novel, "Tiger-Lilies," and I am caught in what is apparently a philological Gordian knot. I wonder whether one of your learned readers can cut it for me.

"Tiger-Lilies" begins with three oaths: "Himmel! Cospetto! Cielo!" The manuscript, however, has five: "Himmel! Cospetto! Ciel! Aedefal! Caramba!" The crux is that *Aedefal.* I have been able to identify it in no foreign dictionary or philological aid. None of my erudite friends has been able to help me. What does it mean? What language is it? Where could Lanier by 1867 have possibly picked it up? If it is not a true word what could he have mistaken it for? If any reader of the *S.R.L.* can give me a clue to any of these questions, I shall be gratefully indebted.

CECIL E. ABERNETHY.
Birmingham Southern College,
Birmingham, Ala.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOK PREVIEW*

American Challenge

A STUDY OF "WALDEN"

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Thoreau "wrote in terms of Concord fields."

THE "Walden" of Henry D. Thoreau is addressed to his townsmen, but in effect was written for the audience of all intelligent men and women interested in life and how to live it, and its central problem is a concrete proposition, challenging everyone with ears to hear: "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone." It was, and is, a book for anyone interested in how to live a good life and open to the appeals of wild nature, good books, good talk, provocative thinking, and the companionship of an interesting mind.

"Walden" is Thoreau's book on society as distinguished from the accounts of his excursions in wild nature. "Civil Disobedience" and "Life without Principle" could be deduced from it. The scholar and the poet are visible here only in their fruits; the naturalist and poet of nature only in their preliminaries. "Walden" tells his townsmen how they ought not to live, how one man lived and was happy. Later, Thoreau will follow his peculiar genius further, describing his own chosen pursuits in superb passages; yet before he could become the positive Thoreau outright, he had to get the negative Thoreau, the challenger, out of his system. He had to establish his relations to a society which would not let him do what he wanted, and did so in "Walden."

The dominant idea of "Walden," which is simple, has been abundantly misunderstood. Thoreau's problem is the poor student's (or artist's or scientist's) who wishes to study, investigate, create, in a society which will not pay him enough for the proceeds of his labor, and is not interested in his brand of happiness. His solution is self-reliance, simplification of living, willingness to labor with the hands if necessary, resignation of everything not essential to his particular temperament, and a shrewd study of how he can provide for his sustenance with the least waste of time. Thoreau's own estimate of time needed was a month to six weeks out of a year.

This solution is worthless, however, unless it brings with it an expansion of every taste, interest, vocation, and avocation which is possible to the experimenter, wished for by him, and practicable in a life of disciplined simplicity. "Walden" calls for more life, not less. Nor is Thoreau's particular solution prescribed, like a reformer's panacea, to everyone, but only to the discontented who live lives of quiet desperation. "Strong and valiant natures, who . . . spend more lavishly than the richest, without ever impoverishing themselves . . . those who are well employed," can take care of themselves. He writes for that "most terribly impoverished class of all, who have accumulated dross, but know not how to use it" and "the mass of men (alas, how much more numerous!) who are discontented, and idly complaining of . . . their lot or of the times, when they might improve them." "I desire that there may be as many different persons in the world as possible; but I would have each one be very careful to find out and pursue *his own* way, and not his father's or his mother's or his neighbor's instead." The book is the story of how he, a poor scholar, and discontented, found *his way,* and how he enjoyed it.

The idea that "Walden" is a study in asceticism is quite wrong. If Thoreau was an ascetic (though not always) in his eating, if he was an ascetic in physical love, nevertheless he was passionate in most of his pursuits, an epicure in many of the delights of the senses, and a propagandist for life that tingles from the brain to the toe-tips. He was unmarried and childless, which made his problem easier to solve economically, but no less a problem. Marriage—in a cabin with a bean or corn field—was raising poor whites all along the frontier, even as Thoreau wrote, and such simplicity solved no problems. If you wish to get married, if you love good wine, if you must live in a library, or go to Europe, or belong to a country club—these are merely the terms of your problem. The principle is the same—simplify in what is not necessary for your content. And if your needs are spiritual and intellectual, do not starve them in order to feed less durable pleasures. Learn in any case what *you* can do in order to live the life you really desire while earning what you have to earn. Industrialism has made the problem of the man with a soul as well as a stomach more acute because it sells only for money, which must somehow be had. Thoreau's solution was to reduce his wants, grow beans for cash, build his house with his own hands, and be willing to be solitary as long and as much as solitude did him good. What is yours?

There is an excellent reason why "Walden" was begun in the middle forties, put together in the late forties, and published in the early fifties of the nineteenth century.

A history of the country is woven into the book. The decade of the forties was a turning point in American social and moral development. The opening of the West, the rapid spread of railroads, most of all the development of the machine, had given the North and East—and New England

*The accompanying article will constitute in slightly longer form a chapter in Henry Seidel Canby's "Thoreau," to be published at the end of the month by Houghton Mifflin Co.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

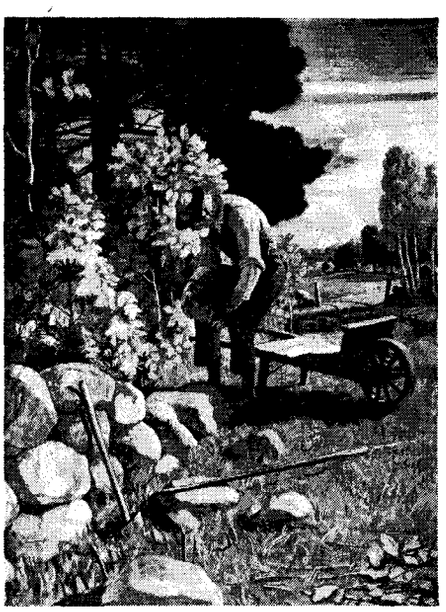
particularly — a preponderance over the agrarian economy of the Southern planters. There was an extraordinary increase in production. New wealth and new wants grew. Texas land, California gold, and the Western trade were exploited all together in the same few years, and the railroads and the rapidly increasing merchant marine carried the new products to and from everywhere. Free—or nearly free—land became a new social factor. Settlements in fresh regions were now possible without the crushing hardships of earlier Western emigration. Labor, which had been turbulent, and whose problems Thoreau mentions more often than politics, was quieted by the drain to the frontiers. The cry, as the Beards say, was changed from wages to ownership, perhaps by design. Socialism, so much in every thoughtful mind in the forties, was put off for generations.

Naturally, the intellectual and spiritual activities centering in New England were subtly affected by the vast if fluctuating increase in prosperity. The Concord intellectuals were optimists, even when they most deplored the uses made of prosperity. An Emerson in Carlyle's England, where industrialism was grinding the lower classes, is incredible. Thoreau in his "Civil Disobedience" never so much as imagines an American state — or an American economy — that would be forced to torture or to crush. His state is afraid of the citizens, afraid that they will escape without paying.

But the widespread speculation, the immense increase in material prosperity, which, in spite of the frequent panics, was characteristic of this fabulous age, was changing the moral mind of America. It was destroying quickly the ideals of conduct formed by the old ethics of damnation. It was producing no new ones, except the freedom, which became the duty, to get rich. There was a boom in New England in the very years when "Walden" was being made into a book. Materialism spread, but what spread even faster was an intoxication of gain, a rapid expansion of the instincts for power, possession, sensual enjoyments. Genteel literature ignored this, but wherever the writer truly observes—whether a Mark Twain, or a recording journalist, or a letter writer, or a diarist—the facts show through. Historical fiction is feeding fat upon them today.

Against all of this Thoreau rebelled, as he naturally would. His bitter remarks on Australian and Californian gold are to be found in "Life without Principle," and his comments on the intoxication of ownership everywhere in his writings. "Walden" is a protest against his friend Horace Greeley's "Go West, Young Man," though it was not to the West itself but to the spirit in which men went there that he objected. His creed of simplicity is a protest against the get-rich-quick of free land and industrialism. Against land or industry he held no brief. But their exploiters who, he believed, were also self-exploiters to their hurt, were vigorous, successful, and also imaginative, real enemies, well worth fighting. The West, the machine, prosperity were all ideals—ideals captured by their greed.

The "Week" had contained the literary and philosophic reflections of a youth sensitive to new thought but indifferent to his surroundings, except in so far as they were pregnant with the realities of nature or reminiscent of a past when men's experience, so he felt, came closer to a vital reality than in the streets and homes of Concord. "Walden" was his recognition of a human present which he could no longer escape. It was a cockcrow (so he called it) to warn his neighbors that their souls were being enslaved. He wrote in terms of Concord farms and shops, not of manifest destiny in the West and the factories, but his near sight was clear sight. If he had gone West with Margaret Fuller he would never have written so truly, for, though she saw the degradation of morals and of morale, she, like Emerson, shared the intoxication of progress, and believed that these evils were transitory. "Walden" is the story of a pioneer who stayed at home, who did not go bust in the panics, or get rich in the booms, who could, therefore, ask what his drunken prosperity would mean when all the railroad tracks were laid on Irishmen's bodies,



"The realities of nature." Pictures on pages 10 and 11 by N. C. Wyeth, from "Men of Concord" (Houghton Mifflin.)

when the emigrants were plowed into their own fields, and when the speculators, made rich by gambling, would have to ask, "What next?"

The newly prosperous had their answer ready, and it was to become a slogan in the great days of expansion after the Civil War. They said, more land, more money, bigger cities, harder work, more power over nature; the future belongs to the millionaire, so let us all get rich together. Thoreau said, "No." "When a man is warmed . . . what does he want next? Surely not more warmth of the same kind, as more and richer food, larger and more splendid houses, finer and more abundant clothing, more numerous, incessant, and hotter fires, and the like. When he has obtained those things which are necessary to life, there is another alternative than to obtain the superfluities; and that is, to adventure on life now, his vacation from humbler toil having commenced." He was wrong, of course. That was just what they were going to want, down to the last improvement in oil furnaces. The adventure in life which must not be deferred because living is so dear, was never to begin for the discontented mass of Americans trying to catch up with the Joneses, although some "strong and valiant natures" would find abundant satisfactions in their competitions, being incapable of sucking anything else from the marrow of life. But more and more thoughtful and disillusioned Americans were to agree with Thoreau as the buoyant nineteenth century was merged in the dubious twentieth. "Walden" had been, and remained, a tract for the times.

"Walden" was ready for publication in 1849. "The Communist Manifesto" of Marx and Engels was published in 1848. There is no coincidence in this significant paralleling of dates. The same diseases of the profit system had impressed the American recluse and the German scholars. But three thousand miles and a philosophic abyss lay between Thoreau's solution in terms of morality and individualism, and the Communist rule of the proletariat. If Thoreau provided no technique by which society as a whole could escape from wage slavery, at least his challenge to Americans did not imply a dictatorship.

"Walden" was an artful tract, in the exact sense of that adjective. A true story is always the best argument, and this book was an autobiography. From the account of the hut and the bean field, with their statistics of cost and profit down to the last half cent, through the frank explanations of why he went to Walden and what he learned there, the outline of this book is straightforward

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

narrative throughout. Nor does its story suffer in point because of the chapters about the friends who came to talk with him, or his neighbors in the woods, or the lake in its moods, or the books that he read, or the thoughts that he pondered through long winter evenings and in sunny musings. For these were all parts of his biography, and described the nature of the man who wrote, and the nature of his profitable happiness at Walden. These gave his escape from society and its pressure a meaning that could be estimated by the reader; made him feel that a man and not a theory wrote the book.

Yet much of the art of "Walden" inheres in its style. Thoreau's style in this book is most consistently at its best. Still rhetorical in the fashion of the early nineteenth century and sometimes what his Aunt Maria would have called transmogrified in its flights to capture spiritual ideas, it is nevertheless able to recount in the tersest and most vigorous of American prose the simplest facts of daily experience, making them real, vivid, and significant. Yet it is able also to rise with the life of his imagination to magnificent poetic paragraphs. Or it can be epigrammatic, or humorous, or tender, or hard.

And thanks to his style, there is the unmistakable presence on every page of "Walden" of a personality, a man like a rock in his immovable principles, like an oak in his toughness, like a wild flower in his sensitiveness, like a woodchuck in his persistence, like a hawk in his flights. It is not always possible, as Elizabeth Hoar said, to like Thoreau, but you can never escape from his personality, nor from admiring and respecting it. His egocentricity was justified, at least in literature, for he pervades this book as no lesser ego could have done. There is never a page which is not Thoreau's and no other's.

"Walden" is assuredly one of the great modern books, which is not to say that it is perfect. In spite of its doctrine of simplicity, the writing itself is never entirely simple. Its tone is of a satirically humorous detachment which is definitely literary, and sometimes consciously rhetorical. This was a good level from which to descend into straightforward description or to rise into eloquence; yet it is an attitude, sometimes almost a pose, never for long allowed to relax. It is the attitude, pose if you please, which had become, and which was until our times, the convention of the personal essay in the English tradition, from the Augustans downwards. Nothing in such an essay can be said without due consideration of the effect upon the reader, who is conscious all the time that he is reading, not mere statements, but literature. Here Thoreau did not escape from his times. He did escape from the dangers of his own rhetoric by lifting his homely subject matter upon an idea until it demanded a style. Nevertheless, like Charles Lamb, like Carlyle, like Hazlitt, like Emerson, like De Quincey, Thoreau, even in "Walden," is best when read a chapter, or even a paragraph, at a time. There is a strain to write well in this book, which the modern reader, conditioned by journalism to familiar speaking, is sure to feel, though his own taste may prove to be more to blame than Thoreau. Like carefully prepared food, this style needs a slow and zestful consumption. Some modern readers also find too much detail, and particularly too much description in "Walden." I did once, but on every rereading my criticism diminishes.

Henry David Thoreau

Thoreau would not be Thoreau without the details of his insatiable observing.

The later history of "Walden," how it picked up admirers, one by one, all over the world, became a textbook for the British Labor Party, won its place as a world classic of literature, and was relegated by our American academic colonials to the humble position of accessory reading about nature, does not concern us here. Yet in one of its aspects it has earned a place in our American history. Thoreau spoke in it for the young generation of the early forties who were determined to live and to think in a new way. He also spoke against the dilettantism of so many of this generation who wished to talk and write rather than to do, and against the youth of the later forties and early fifties, who, as Margaret Fuller said, had sold out to material prosperity. Like "Leaves of Grass," his book has become social history as well as literature—less romantic social history than Whitman's masterpiece, and more truly prophetic.

Indeed, the full significance of "Walden" has never been felt until today. It is only in our generation that the industrial revolution has reached a point where man is in real danger of becoming a machine thinking like a machine, and where the increasing regimentation of society and the standardization of the ways of life make doing what you want a heroic achievement. It is only in our generation that the old Puritan morality of America, with its generally accepted ideals of conduct, has lost its power to control, so that men and women are moving on their own momentum, confessedly in search of new ideals. And it is only in our own time that bodily comfort and the satisfactions of pride have been elevated into what is frankly called the American standard of living. "Walden," with its doctrine of "simplify, simplify," is no longer blasphemy, except to the school of economists who think that *all* the world's ills can be cured by production. But it is still radical, and because it records one great individualist's heartfelt and brainfelt experience, it is still eloquent.

I do not wish to close this brief discussion of a great book with the impression that it deserves its life in literature for its social message only. There is a fervor in it not explained by its preaching. "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtledove, and am still on their trail," the author wrote in one of its early pages. "Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves." The identification of these fabulous animals with Edmund Sewall, John Thoreau, and Ellen Sewall, which seems to have begun with Prudence Ward, is both naïve and absurd. For no one of these three was Thoreau, by any stretch of the imagination, still searching. When Uncle Edward Watson, meeting him after he had waded through the shallows to get to Clark's Island, asked him what he meant by saying he had lost a horse, a hound, and a dove, Thoreau replied, "Have not you?" which was answer enough. He had been writing in the context of this famous passage of how he desired to spend his life, how he had tried "to stand on the meeting of two eternities,

(*Continued on page* 16)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beneš's Formula for Democracy

DEMOCRACY: TODAY AND TOMORROW. By Eduard Beneš. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 244 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

IT is tragically ironical that the great powers of Europe should precipitate a war crisis over a semi-dictatorial country like Poland after sacrificing a genuine democracy like Czechoslovakia. Perhaps the destruction of the Czech state will not have been in vain, however, if it compels Great Britain and France to resist further aggression and leads to a general settlement of European strife. It is at least heartening to read this eloquent defense of the democratic system by a statesman who has good reason to distrust democratic diplomacy.

Dr. Beneš, who lectured last winter at the University of Chicago after resigning the presidency of Czechoslovakia, has produced an analysis of democracy that combines historical perspective, keen insight, and moral faith. Although condemning National Socialism as the repudiation of Western civilization, Dr. Beneš lays its recent triumphs to the weaknesses of democracy and the subversive efforts of communism.

Anyone accustomed to viewing European affairs in terms of black and white should consider this sagacious appraisal of the numerous difficulties and failures of parliamentary government. Dr. Beneš is equally convincing in his indictment of communism, which he accuses of undermining the democratic regimes throughout Central Europe until the middle classes were driven into the fascist camp. Throughout this valuable study of politics is a constant reference to the vast economic and social changes wrought in Europe by the World War.

Although somewhat heavy in style, this apologia for a life and a cause is both informing and inspiring. Dr. Beneš might have devoted more pages to the economic problems confronting every democracy, and to the difficulties involved in the federation of Europe which he advocates. The American will read with interest—and despair—the formula which Dr. Beneš lays down for the proper conduct of affairs within a democracy, and the qualities which he demands in a democratic politician. Perhaps only in the former Czech state have some of these criteria been met.

James Frederick Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Jacket design for "Journey Proud."

The End of an Aristocrat

JOURNEY PROUD. By Thomasine McGehee. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 398 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THE literary landscape and age of this book have undergone many explorations. Early Civil War novels dealing with the South were uniformly romantic, composed of a few invariable ingredients. Because these widely read Southern romances dealt with the favored few at the top of the pre-War social and economic pyramid, the graciousness and elegance of plantation life became the pleasantest item of American folklore. Recent Southern writers have been more interested in broader cross-sections of the pyramid; Caldwell and Faulkner have even descended into the sub-basement. Although "Journey Proud" is far more than a romance, it will arouse no controversy as did "Tobacco Road" and "Gone with the Wind." Thomasine McGehee is concerned with people, not causes.

The author, a Texan, after long and intimate association with her Virginian father-in-law, received his consent to set down some of his personal history. Edward McGehee was sixteen when the war began and naturally enlisted at once—"the *Boys* in Blue" and "the *Boys* in Gray" were not misnomers. The exciting drama of his personal fortunes and the wider drama of the liquidation of the slave-owning class suggested the materials for a novel, and "Journey Proud" is the result. The book covers the agitated period from 1845 to 1879 and concerns itself principally with two Virginia families. Mrs. McGehee writes with affectionate understanding and humor, but never patronizingly, of these Charlotte and Prince Edward aristocrats, self-satisfied provincials who speak curiously of such aliens as Northerners and Southerners, but who refer to themselves always as Virginians. The War and the years of paralysis that followed saw the old way of life go with the wind. The planter-hero of the book is finally defeated by the low price of tobacco and becomes a village grocer. To sink to the tradesman's level should have been a smarting humiliation to a member of the Virginian aristocracy, to whom "grocer had much of the same sting that *"épicier"* has in France today; but he faces proudly his bizarre new life, with no sense of spiritual frustration.

For the most part the author is successful in making into a cogent artistic pattern the thousand facts of place and person she gathered from her *raconteur:* she has a gift for catching the significant detail, and there is no parade of research or scholarship. The character drawing is firm but somewhat skeletonized, for the novelist has packed into four hundred pages characters and material enough for a family chronicle like "The Forsyte Saga" or "Les Thibault." The style of this first novel is fresh and agreeable, except for a fondness for unusual word order and for cumbrous parentheses. Room must be made on the crowded shelf of Civil War fiction for this literate and informative novel.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She Did Not Stop at Eccentricity

THE YOUNG MELBOURNE AND THE STORY OF HIS MARRIAGE WITH CAROLINE LAMB. By David Cecil. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1939. 276 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

ONE of the signs of the pressure of modern life is the eagerness of the public to read about irresponsible and slightly haywire people who cheat the grocer, throw crockery about, spit in the bishop's whiskers, and generally affect an outlandish, underbred, and infantile behavior in public. One such spoiled child of caprice was Caroline Ponsonby, wife of William Lamb, the second Viscount Melbourne. Her story is told with that of her husband in a book, "Young Melbourne," which has already captivated London and seems likely to have a similar success in America. Lady Caroline had charm and esprit but no vestige of self-control. She did not stop at eccentricity but ran through an appalling series of liaisons conducted so publicly as to shock even the comparatively bawdy

Lady Caroline Lamb in page's costume

society in which she grew up. The familiar story of her mad pursuit of Lord Byron still seems almost incredible. Equally amazing is the apparent sangfroid with which her husband reacted to her waywardness. After persistent family pressure he finally began an action for a separation—only to stop it abruptly when Lady Caroline sneaked down to Brocket and began to purr on his shoulder. Later he actually got a decree and sent her away. It was an idle gesture: within three months she was back on his doorstep—like a kitten one is trying to get rid of. He took her in. He never really got rid of her. When she lay dying—finally repentant for the suffering she had needlessly caused "the only person who has never failed me"—he was deeply moved; and he was later to say that she meant more to him than any other person. Surely one of the strangest marriages in polite history.

The reasons for Melbourne's forbearance are essentially the reasons which explain his paradoxical political life. He was never able to achieve a coalition of opposing factions in his own nature. Born into the sophisticated Whig society of the late eighteenth century, he was on one side cool, rational, arrogant, and ruthless—the true child of his extremely worldly mother. Yet beneath a crusty surface his nature was channeled by little springs of idealism which softened and enriched him. His writings reveal that he was often imaginative and even shyly romantic. There were times when he felt a trifle forlorn in the murky world of politics, times when tenderness took precedence over cynicism. Bulwer Lytton once remarked shrewdly that Melbourne was possessed of a "singularly fine character for a man of the world." A man of the world, yes, but not a man of action. He was terribly inconvenienced by being able to see both sides of a question. Hence both his political stagnation and his irresolute attitude toward his wife.

Alfredo Valente

Irwin Shaw

Lord David Cecil does not stoop to conquer the reader by magnifying the scandalous details of Lady Caroline's conduct. He tells them intimately and impartially, but what finally interests him is the fascinating character of Melbourne. Political history too is subordinated: there are in the book only a dozen dates (one of them wrong), and party issues are discussed in only the most general terms. In his study of Melbourne the author proceeds more by analysis than by narrative, and his beautifully modulated prose may be said rather to circulate than to flow. Yet though not a dynamic writer, he exerts a strong charm which should win him many readers. "Young Melbourne" is one of those sufficiently rare biographies which reach a high level both as art and as straight entertainment.

Alexander Cowie is a member of the department of English at Wesley University.

Snapshots from Brooklyn Bridge

SAILOR OFF THE BREMEN. By Irwin Shaw. New York: Random House. 1939. 293 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GOULD CASSAL

NEW YORK CITY'S Borough of Brooklyn has been for so long a subject of literary and vaudeville humor that it is pleasant to find Irwin Shaw defending it in several of the twenty stories which make up "Sailor off the Bremen." Unlike most native Brooklynites, who are nearly always ashamed to admit that they hail from the City of Churches, he is forthright in declaring his affection for his home town and the three million who live in it.

Though the title story, a vigorous melodrama, is the outstanding item in the collection, the ones set in Brooklyn come off to better advantage than those which find Mr. Shaw wandering in distant parts. "The Boss," "The Monument," "Second Mortgage," and "The Girls in Their Summer Dresses" enlist our sympathies with greater shrewdness than such stories as "The Deputy Sheriff" (New Mexico) or "Walk along the Charles River" (Middle West). All of them, like his charming play of last season, "The Gentle People," combine understated sentiment and a wry, sympathetic humor; and all of them have an immensely graphic quality. His taxi drivers, pugilists, little business men, and their domineering wives are commonplace people who are never puffed up beyond human recognition. Those who have compared Shaw to Clifford Odets in the theater will find in his first book none of that oblique lyricism and Chekovian intellectualism so peculiar to Odets's characters.

Mr. Shaw proves that he is a playwright first and a story teller second by concentrating too exclusively on dialogue. He has an eye for the exact and realistic detail—a coffee pot by the window, an overturned whiskey glass—to sharpen the reader's consciousness of the physical scene, but too often superfluous lines, perfectly adapted for stage use, deter the natural flow of the stories and give a sprawling effect. In common with most young writers, he apparently has had his time with Hemingway. But, like most young writers, he has yet to achieve the expert's sense of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

le mot juste which immediately crystallizes theme and character.

The social consciousness upon which Shaw's first two dramas, "Bury the Dead" and "Siege," were built is missing in this book. If these snapshots from Brooklyn Bridge contain any "message" at all, it must be read between the lines. He is chiefly interested in the henpecked Jewish tailor, the young wife who cannot control her jealousy, the bartender who values his professional integrity above money, the world-weary taxi drivers, and others who are part of New York City's seven million. You may read your own lessons into them. Sympathy, honesty, and lack of pretension in "Sailor off the Bremen" give this young playwright an auspicious debut as a short-story writer.

Wodehouse Forever

UNCLE FRED IN THE SPRINGTIME. By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 292 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

EVEN before Oxford conferred his degree upon Dr. Wodehouse, it was suggested by Mr. C. S. Lewis, a Fellow of Magdalen and a distinguished critic, that our era might be known to posterity as the age, not of Eliot and Auden, but of Buchan and Wodehouse. If that is so, how our descendants will envy the present inhabitants of Great Britain! In the North of their island, heroes disguise themselves as roadmenders or drunkards and trail spies through the heather; in the Southern portion, peers possess pigs which people from a variety of motives try to steal; sums of two hundred and fifty pounds are handed about like cigarettes; earls impersonate eminent brain specialists, and successfully continue the impersonation in spite of recognition by viscounts by courtesy on whom they have played the confidence trick; and dukes smash up sitting-rooms with pokers. In short (as the Master himself might say) another Eden, demi-Paradise. These events occur in and about Blandings Castle, in Shropshire, the seat of our old friend Lord Emsworth and his prize pig, Empress of Blandings. Blandings on this occasion is also enlivened by a visit from the Earl of Ickenham, one of the author's happiest creations, who has hitherto appeared only in a short story. His outlook on life, we are told, was that of a slightly inebriated undergraduate; and when, for reasons which need not be gone into, he decided to visit Blandings Castle in the role of the nerve specialist Sir Roderick Glossop (you remember him? He was always convinced that Bertie Wooster was balmy) he was quite undeterred either by encountering Sir Roderick himself on the train for Blandings, or by meeting people who knew him as Lord Ickenham, or by meeting other people who knew Sir Roderick as Sir Roderick. He continued to impersonate Sir Roderick, arrange two separate burglaries, bring young lovers together, and generally spread sweetness and light. His place is with the immortals, with Falstaff, Don Quixote, and Jeeves.

Wide World

P. G. Wodehouse

In Mr. Lewis's future generation which gives Mr. Wodehouse his rightful place as a classic, there will doubtless be scholarly studies made of him. (We ourselves once thought of studying for a Ph.D., with a thesis on the Psmith Psaga and its Psources, having traced Psmith through two earlier novels into his birthplace in a school story.) Students then will do well to investigate the discrepancy between the version of Uncle Fred which ran in the *Saturday Evening Post* (or S text) and the Doubleday version (or D text). The differences are really remarkable—much more so than those between any two texts of Plato. In S, the efficient Baxter so far steps out of a character as to go to a fancy-dress ball as a Zulu and jab a Marie Antoinette with an assegai; in D, this is done by Horace Davenport (of the ducal branch of the family), who does not even appear in S. Again, the incident of the Clothes Stake at the Drones Club does not appear in S, and there are other divergences too numerous to mention. Does this indicate a deutero-Wodehouse, as with the Book of Isaiah, a pirated version, as with the bad quarto of Hamlet, or merely a careless scribe? This whole question should be thoroughly investigated, preferably in a massive tome called *Prolegomena zu dem Onkelfritzindemfrühlingsproblem.*

That indicates, I hope, that even if you have read this in the *Post,* you can read it again with fresh pleasure in the book. There is never really anything more than that to say about the Master, except to say that he has done it again, or to apply to him, with simple reverence, the words one of his own bishops used about a bull that had treed him: "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. Deuteronomy XXXIV 7."

Woman Journalist

THE FLOWING STREAM: The Story of Fifty-six years in American Newspaper Life. By Florence Finch Kelly. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1939. 571 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MARY LEE

HERE is the life history of an able, courageous, and extraordinarily successful American newspaper woman, whose lifetime of journalism has had as its field of action the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, and whose accurately trained memory reaches from the Civil War to the present day. An epic, almost, of American journalism, one might call it, for Mrs. Kelly's book shows not only the development of the American newspaper in its modern form: it is also the story of a pioneer—daughter of a long line of pioneers—a young farm girl from the mid-West who single-handed, armed only with youth, intelligence, and determination, fought her way into a field where women had seldom trod and whose success in that field helped to pave the way for the place that women have won for themselves in journalism at the present time.

Wide World

Florence Finch Kelly

Pioneer as she was in American newspaper work for women, Florence Finch Kelly's experience yet has in it elements common to the experience of all young women who have gone into newspaper work since: the difficult struggle to win one's chance to make good in a newspaper office, the constant striving to prove one's worth once one is in, the doing of men's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work often for longer hours and always for less pay than one's men competitors, the knowledge that one will never quite arrive at the top in the editorial field, the backing away into the field of art critic, dramatic critic, or book reviewer, the moving from one job to another and one town to another because in the newspaper world one may never stand still. To the woman journalist, there is universality about Mrs. Kelly's tale.

To the general reader, the book will be not only a vivid human document, but an inside story of American newspaper work and women's part in it during the epoch that began with the Civil War and ended with the World War. It is a long book—560 pages of type. The story is divided into fourteen sections, the first four of which give Mrs. Kelly's recollections of her childhood and youth in the mid-West, and a sketch of her pioneer ancestors. She came of one of those roving farm families that never stayed more than five years, seldom more than two, under one roof, but were constantly packing themselves and their chattels into a covered wagon and moving from county to county, from state to state —working the land but never taking roots in the land. The freshest, most delightful chapters of Mrs. Kelly's book are these early ones which deal with her childhood in the broad open spaces of the Middle West.

The following seven sections deal with Mrs. Kelly's long and varied newspaper career, from her first real job on the *Boston Globe*—and it took all the energy and courage of a pioneer spirit to land that job in the 1880's—to her final connection with the *New York Times Book Review*, a connection which lasted for more than thirty years. In Boston she met and married Allen Kelly, whose work led him from one city editorship to another, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coasts. With him Mrs. Kelly traveled, her alertness, experience, and ability always finding her important journalistic work to do. She also produced several works of fiction and two sons. The story of these years, told in vivid and lively fashion, gives the reader a picture of the development of the West, and of the growing importance of women in journalism during the fifty-six years of Mrs. Kelly's journalistic life. Picturesque details there are, too, such as Allen Kelly's capture of a grizzly bear as a publicity stunt for William Randolph Hearst, whose influence on journalism was, Mrs. Kelly concluded, "indisputably and wholly deplorable."

The conclusions that Mrs. Kelly has drawn from her long experience, she states in her last three chapters, critiques on "Women in Journalism," on "Three Journalists of Genius" (Chas. H. Taylor, William R. Hearst, and Adolph S. Ochs) and on "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow in Newspaperdom." The criticism in these chapters is that of a wise and intelligent woman, who has looked on the world with kindness and understanding, and whose life has been crammed as full of activity as it is possible for any woman's life to be.

Mary Lee was for a number of years on the staff of the old New York Evening Post.

Man's Humanities to Man

(*Continued from page* 4)

dreds of generations of Western man before them, find them to be so, they have the same relevance they always have had, and no less so because we are living in a time of crisis. Western civilization has before this seemed on the verge of collapse; it may actually be so now. But perhaps it was never more necessary to read the books that move in terms beyond hysteria than now. The long view, the clear mind, the disciplined way of art, these may teach us by example and be a way at once of effective intelligence and consolation. The world may seem less near collapse if we learn to think and feel in terms and in forms that have survived past fearful junctures of history. And if truly we are living in the Decline of the West, we ought not to neglect these still enduring gleams of its sun.

There is from the point of view of those of us interested in both contemporary literary creation and literary criticism a very particular gain, I think, in this making of a considerable body of European masterpieces a living part of the common heritage of educated man. One of the reasons why musical taste is on an increasingly high level in this country is that indubitable major works of patent and beautiful power are constantly made part of the musical nourishment of a large public. The introduction of the careful required reading of a large number of great books of the past does not mean that the universities instituting such a scheme are turning from the present or the future. It means rather that two things are being accomplished. The young are being disciplined by works obviously and extraordinarily constituting by their very quality a touchstone of quality. It does not mean lack of receptivity to the new. A study of the Italian primitives helps, it does not hinder, hospitality to Renoir and Cézanne. Secondly, one of the causes of hysteria, a fanatic preoccupation with the urgencies of the instant, is mitigated. The great issues, even the young reader soon learns to see, are eternal, in the sense that they are recurrent so long as human nature remains, as it does, essentially the same. Why else would "Medea" or "Hamlet" move us so much? He learns, too, that the principles of thinking and the means and ends of art, however various be the contemporary accents in any period, are recognizably the same. Why else should we be so touched by the poetry of Dante, even in translation and even in a world whose beliefs have for the most part radically changed?

The value of a revival of the humanities lies in the recurrent values that generations of men, no less troubled than ourselves, have found in them the incarnation in the discipline of art of the characteristic feelings, the central thoughts, and the moving images of mankind. This is the wisdom these great books have always taught, and at a time when fanaticism, inhumanity, and resignation seem to be in the saddle, it is an encouraging symptom and a perhaps immensely hopeful device that some colleges in America are hitting upon. It is very simple and at the same time quite profound. It is challenging the young with humanity where it has spoken most humanely and with most distinction. That can hardly be said of the textbook or of the manual.

American Challenge

(*Continued from page* 12)

the past and future, which is precisely the present moment," how he had hoped to anticipate nature herself. In the symbolic language of the Persian poets which he so often read, he is clearly describing a search for no lost maid or boy, but for that sense of the spiritual reality behind nature, which again and again in his Journal he deplores as something felt in youth, but never quite regained.

And "Walden" itself owes its poetry to a spiritual quest, of which it is a record quite as much as of an economic experiment. For Thoreau went to Walden in pursuit of that eternal desire of ambitious youth, "to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life"—beans, hut, and simplifying were all a means to an end, a technique of experiment. He went on the trail of that sense of spiritual reality which all the Transcendentalists believed was a priceless possession of youth, and which had certainly been his possession. He hoped to reawaken his inner life, recover his lost "intimations of immortality," and he succeeded, as the book tells. Reality itself, whatever that was, he never found, but spent the rest of his life in the study of its tracks and trails in visible nature.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parent English and Our Own

AMERICAN ENGLISH. By Mabel Goddard, Louise Schafer Camp, Eva Hanks Lycan, in consultation with Helen Louise Cohen Stockwell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 4 vols. 1939. $4.24.

Reviewed by LOUISE POUND

GENERALLY speaking, in the later nineteenth century everything distinctively American was thought bad. Modifications of the British vocabulary or idiom were termed "corruptions." Could he have looked ahead, an ardent purist such as Richard Grant White, author of "Words and Their Usage" and "Every-Day English," and reigning lawgiver in matters of expression, might well have called for restoratives. How would he have felt, one wonders, if living today and faced by a series of gay-covered textbooks, red, yellow, blue, and brown, entitled "American English," a series newly designed for the training of pupils in schools! In White's day Americans as well as Britons wished to write in the standardized ways of the mother country. The English of England was the parent tongue and departures from it were linguistically treasonable. Most professors fostered this attitude in their college classes. There were, to be sure, a few radicals. Walt Whitman wanted independence of Old World usage in language as well as in political ideas, much as did Noah Webster soon after our nation came into being. The scholarly world was beginning, somewhat belatedly, to interest itself in American dialects. But it was not until the World War period and the appearance of H. L. Mencken's "The American Language" that stimulus was given to our national consciousness. We suddenly stopped thinking of our speech as raw and slovenly. We began to realize that the expansions of vocabulary on this side of the Atlantic have enriched the English language amazingly. Now, instead of minimizing and apologizing for divergences, we seem to glory in them.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 283)

BISHOP BERKELEY:
"THE GUARDIAN"

I discovered Prejudice, in the figure of a woman, standing in a corner, with her eyes close shut, and both forefingers stuck in her ears; many words in confused order, but spoken with great emphasis, issued from her mouth.

White and his fellow purists would be less perturbed, however, could they examine the four-volume sequence that prompted the preceding remarks. The books are American in origin and they are very American in their incidental material. But their language is, after all, the staple, fundamental English language. There is no playing up of technical Americanisms, of American dialect or colloquial language. Indeed, for the most part, the books could be used with fair efficiency in the education of young Britons across the ocean. The illustrative exercises, based on the daily life of the learners and drawn from sport, the radio, films, family life, would serve their purpose pretty well in the mother country too. All the standard matters are included. There are competent sections on grammar (which we have been told is disappearing from American schools), on sentence structure (we have been told that our sentences are disintegrating), and on paragraph structure and punctuation. (Punctuation, too, is sometimes said to be on the way out.) The young are instructed in how to use the dictionary, how to appreciate poetry, essays, moving pictures, and how to acquire style. All this is presented in clear and lively fashion that should lighten the monotony of teaching and learning. Sound, safe, and practical, too, are the "rules" presented. Older, condemned usages of our vulgate are still condemned. The series of volumes, edited by competent teachers and supervised by a cultivated Columbia University doctor of philosophy, is genuinely American; but its Americanism is not linguistic.

In point of fact, the linguistic differentiation of the mother and daughter languages really has not gone very far, in view of the centuries of separation. Interchange of schoolbooks is possible enough and it sometimes takes place. The British adopt the new words we have evolved when they gain common currency, and incorporate them in their dictionaries, and we do the same with their words. The divergences thus far are outlying, not basic. Our vocabularies for business and politics are distinctive, and the shop and technical terms of the two countries are not identical. Nor are the colloquial language and slang, although there is now rather active exchange here by way of books and newspapers, the stage, and the sound films. But the formal language, the written as over against the spoken language, remains about the same. Variations are nearly negligible.

A Linguistic Conference of British and American scholars was held in London in 1928, prompted by recognition of the fact that the two brands of English were drifting apart. Lord Balfour presided, and leading philologists and literary men of England and the United States took part in the discussions. The feasibility of measures that might hold together the speech of the two countries was mulled over. No action was taken, however. Delegates from both England and the United States felt that effort would be futile. National pride and independence would render recommendations by fiat of any kind ineffective. Now, ten or eleven years later, fear of divergence to the point of unintelligibility has lessened. The two brands have actually come closer together in this period. For practical reasons the speech of the new mechanical devices, the phonograph, the radio, and especially the sound films, must be that which will appeal to the largest number of hearers. The adoption of compromise forms and the minimizing of difficulties are encouraged. Commercial influences help where savants cannot. There are many reasons for confidence that the mass of English and American speakers will find their utterances mutually intelligible for a long time to come.

Louise Pound is a member of the department of English in the University of Nebraska.

Henry Seidel Canby

"THOREAU"

ELSEWHERE in this issue is a preview of Henry Seidel Canby's "Thoreau." This is the book that Mr. Canby has always wanted to write. Throughout his brilliant career—as Professor of English at Yale, as editor of *The Saturday Review*, and as Chairman of the Board of the Book-of-the-Month Club committee—the Concord group, and particularly Thoreau, "The man who believed in doing what he wanted," has been one of his hobbies. This book is sure to become a classic American biography. It will be published October third.

Illus., $3.75

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French Books, Summer 1939

BY JUSTIN O'BRIEN

THE summer is not a dead period for French publishers. Not even this summer of 1939 when Parisians are constantly reminded of the international tension by the sand bags piled at their apartment door and the underground shelter in the nearby park, when gas masks and a supply of canned foods seem more urgent necessities than books. The recent literary output by no means offers an escape from the grave preoccupations of the moment. The French are not even taking light reading with them to the mountains or the seaside this August and September.

Pamphlets and diaries—that is, the literature of the rostrum and of the private confessional—are sharing all the honors at the moment. Writing from Brazil, where he says he has gone to sleep off his shame, Georges Bernanos has issued two appendices to his virulent diatribe on the nationalist movement in Spain which appeared in America as "A Diary of My Times." In "Scandale de la Vérité" and "Nous Autres Français" he continues to attack the Spanish Catholic hierarchy and the French nationalists and to warn his countrymen against following the example of Spain. The recent reception into the French Academy of his former spiritual guide, Charles Maurras, has made Bernanos feel even more deeply ashamed of his epoch which confuses "a petty bourgeois humanism" with the virile intellectual and moral movement of the Ancien Régime. In the period before 1889 he discerns a Catholic conscience, a monarchical heart and brain, and a republican temperament. In the royalist party's imitation of those virtues Bernanos sees only a preparation for dictatorship.

The title of Jean Giraudoux's new book, "Pleins Pouvoirs," sounds like a dictatorial program. It marks the first venture into the political arena of a writer long distinguished for his effervescent novels and brilliant plays. At the outset Giraudoux explains that the writer no longer has the leisure to choose his subjects: "his subjects choose him; or rather his subject, for there is only one." To him the sole subject of interest today is how to keep France and the French alive at this moment of international misunderstanding and threatening war. In five chapters he succinctly outlines a program, based on statistics and expert research, for the repopulation of France by raising the birth-rate and controlling naturalization, for an intelligent urbanism, for the encouragement of sports, and for a vast plan of construction that would utilize France's natural resources and accomplished engineers. By a happy coincidence, the very week this book appeared the government, which must have been reading the proofs, voted new laws in favor of large families and promoted Giraudoux from the post he has long occupied at the Quai d'Orsay to the newly created position of High Commissioner of Propaganda (the French say "Information").

Even among the poets who write in verse—still numerous in France despite the large dose of poetry that goes into other literary forms—there is a marked tendency toward a poetry of social significance, often reflecting the author's anguish in the face of political events. Within the last three months, such admirable single poems as Jean Cocteau's "Incendie" (written during the Czechoslovakian crisis), Pierre-Jean Jouve's "Ode au Peuple" with its scathing scorn for the dictators, Max-Pol Fouchet's "Prise de Barcelone" and Jules Supervielle's "Des Deux Côtés des Pyrénées," both full of the Spanish tragedy and the shame of those who formed its helpless audience, have infused a new force into contemporary French poetry.

Just now the French seek relief from the problems of the day less in fiction than in the revelations of the intimate journal, passing from the public anguish to the private. If the second volume of Julien Green's diary has received very high praise and at the same time been called "as insipid as the first volume," this is because it reveals nothing but the personal. The loving description of what Green calls his photisms depicts the near-pathological state from which his novels spring. But the "Journal Intime, 1928-1936" of the self-made novelist Eugène Dabit and especially the 1,332 pages of André Gide's diary, stretching from 1889 through 1938, are limited neither to their authors nor to literary considerations. Dabit, who rose from a job as a subway guard to the deserved success of "Petit Louis" and "Hôtel du Nord," died in Sebastopol in 1936 while traveling with Gide and other communist sympathizers. A great sincerity, a vast pity for mankind, and a fervent desire for social amelioration animate both the master and his young disciple. In this diary, now first published in a single volume and in a fuller form than ever before, Gide has put much of the best of himself.

The only novel to cause any stir this summer is "Les Lépreuses," in which Henry de Montherlant concludes his series entitled "Les Jeunes Filles," two volumes of which have appeared in America as "Pity for Women." Costals, the too sensitive seducer, narrowly escapes marriage in Paris and leprosy in Africa. The reader cannot help thinking that either of these misfortunes would have served him right. Were it not for Montherlant's well-advertised ungracious attitude toward women, the novel might have passed unnoticed.

READ THAT
NEW DEAL CLASSIC
"Come And Sin Some More"
Third Edition—50c
Scarsdale Press, Scarsdale, N. Y.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SHOW BUSINESS *Bryant Ford* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Domineering N. Y. play producer gets well-earned quietus. His ex-sleuth press-agent handles affair with brash efficiency.	Starts well enough and background lugs in, for color, many "main-stem" notables, but conclusion leaves much to be desired.	Frothy
MURDER'S COMING *Donald Clough Cameron* (Holt: $2.)	Labor troubles in Eastern city lead to sundry mystifying murders which give elongated Ambrose Voss chance to show his stuff.	Initial imputation of amazing abilities to likable but unexceptional sleuth somewhat irritating, as yarn is workmanlike but no masterpiece.	Able
EXIT A DICTATOR *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Chronicles the rise to Rooshian dominance of one "Mr. Alexander" who balks all Soviet efforts to quench him.	Beautiful Russian dancer, opulently charmed ex-opera singer, malevolent Bolshevillains,—all the "traps" that Opp. plays so skillfully.	Fantastic
THE READER IS WARNED *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	Mind-reading guest at English country-house accurately predicts violent deaths of host and hostess. H. Merrivale elucidates brilliantly.	Scares wits outen reader with supernatural didoes, and then portly sleuth shows how simply—and unguessably—it's all done.	First class!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Tradition of Humanism

ANGLO-SAXONY AND ITS TRADITION. By George Catlin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1939. 344 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

MR. CATLIN'S theme is "that there is a Grand Tradition of human values, certain values constituting the very norms of civilization, agreed upon by men of insight throughout the centuries," and that within that tradition there is a special current common to Anglo-Saxon peoples. There are other currents within that Tradition of Humanism, currents still flowing and important, like that of Catholic Humanism best exemplified by France and Confucian Humanism which still inspires the real China, and of course there are various cross-currents. But today the Tradition is threatened by powerful currents which, though they have drawn something from it, must on the whole be regarded as opposed to it. These contrary currents are organized in the modern totalitarian states, communist and fascist.

Out of the present crisis the world "will be moulded on one of these models only: the Russian, the German, or the Anglo-Saxon." Mr. Catlin sees "no further possibilities—no possibility of a world remaining of diverse and insulated systems, not an interconnected world." He therefore urges an effective union among the parts of what, following Wyndham Lewis, he calls Anglo-Saxony, the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States. In agreement with Mr. Clarence Streit's "Union Now," but excluding France and the smaller democracies, he insists that this union must be a genuine federal one, creating a government with sovereign powers. This proposal he makes in a hundred-page "Open Letter" to Mr. H. G. Wells with which he begins his book. After this introduction, in which he touches upon a great variety of current political problems, he devotes the body of his book to an attempt to define the Anglo-Saxon tradition. The "notes"—the word is Newman's—of this tradition he finds are humanism, freedom, experiment, tolerance, democracy, accommodation, federalism, moralism, public spirit. Mr. Catlin is by training a political theorist, and it is only natural for him to find his "notes" chiefly in the work of men like Locke, Mill, John Dewey, and Bertrand Russell; but he is no mere political metaphysician, and he by no means neglects the concrete details of politics. Francis Bacon, too, is one of the men he most respects. He has, moreover, lived in the United States, and if he underestimates the strength of American isolationist feeling, he has at least a first-hand knowledge of our political life not always possessed by Englishmen anxious to tell us what to do.

This is a crisis book. Most political writing today is, however, part of the literature of alarm. In our tired moments, we readers may feel that we are exhorted just a bit too often to gird ourselves for battle, and our hearts may not leap quite so high at the hundredth "Either. . . . Or. . . ." But preaching is a lively part of the Anglo-Saxon tradition, and Mr. Catlin is determinedly in that tradition.

Mr. Catlin is very persuasive about the concrete, cumulative character of what he calls our tradition of Humanism. Art, letters, and morals are not cumulative in the same sense as scientific knowledge. A modern philosopher may find nothing he is willing to take from Aristotle; a modern physicist would find much he would have to take from Archimedes. Science builds like a coral reef; art, letters, and morals certainly do not so build. We still quarrel over the One and the Many, but we do not quarrel over specific gravity. Mr. Catlin decides that on the whole Rousseau does not belong to his tradition of Humanism, but that Voltaire does belong. No historian of science would read Lamarck out of a tradition of science, though almost all biologists are convinced that Darwin's theories of evolution are mostly right, and Lamarck's mostly wrong. Yet, though the frame of reference may be a different one, most of us still feel that there is something cumulative in the efforts of artists and philosophers as well as in those of scientists. You cannot disprove the assertion that Might makes Right in the way you can disprove the assertion that a solid iron bar will float in water. For one thing, you cannot define either "Right" or "Might" in the same sort of terms in which you can define "solid iron bar" and "water." Yet to assert that Might does, or does not, make Right is to do something which observably has an effect on the way some men behave. Mr. Catlin is concerned rather to urge that in the traditions of Anglo-Saxony Might does not make Right than to examine just how such an assertion affects the behavior of Anglo-Saxons. That, however, means merely that he is writing a work of exhortation rather than a work of analysis.

As to Mr. Catlin's great proposal, the political union of the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations, it seems rather ungenerous to assert that it is "impractical." Mr. Catlin would insist that, as experimentation is one of the great notes of his tradition, you cannot know what is practical until you make the experiment. The trouble is that, to judge from the past, men can rarely be keyed up to make voluntarily the great experiment of federal union. It is not unimportant that those who are urging us to rejoin the British Empire are either Englishmen like Mr. Catlin or Lord Lothian, or Americans educated in part abroad, like Mr. Clarence Streit. We should be more hopeful of making Anglo-Saxony a state as well as a state of mind if a few people like Mr. Borah came out for Union Now. American nationalism may not be as harsh or as excited as German or French nationalism, but it will take a lot more than words, even very earnest, well-chosen words, to undo the joint labors of Lord North and Washington.

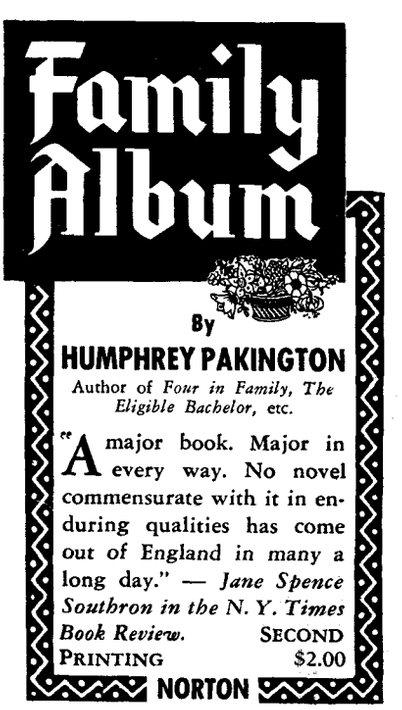
Making Pictures

THE TECHNIQUE OF PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY. By Paul L. Anderson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1939. 403 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Mr. Anderson's book is a firmly established classic among books on photography. We are glad to see that it has been reissued in a completely revised edition including many new facts that are pertinent for today. What we like about the book is the quiet and solid manner in which Mr. Anderson presents his material compared with the strident, flashy manner in which photographic instructions and advice are presented so often today.

A little less than half of the book is occupied by discussions of cameras, lenses, films, exposing and developing, and color photography. The greater part of the book, and therein lies its value, is devoted to discussions and instructions of the many photographic printing processes.

Mr. Anderson's book does not promise any shortcuts for the ego, but its dignified and crystal clear presentation of the subject should attract the serious student of pictorial photography.


Family Album
By
HUMPHREY PAKINGTON
Author of Four in Family, The Eligible Bachelor, etc.
"A major book. Major in every way. No novel commensurate with it in enduring qualities has come out of England in many a long day." — Jane Spence Southron in the N. Y. Times Book Review.
SECOND PRINTING
$2.00
NORTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

THE STUART PAPERS AT WINDSOR. Selected and edited by Alistair and Henrietta Tayler. Dutton. 1939. 290 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

When King James III and VIII was living in exile at Rome, he accumulated a formidable mass of correspondence, not only letters written to himself, and copies of the letters he wrote, but a number of the letters that were exchanged among the faithful subjects who shared his misfortunes found their way into these archives. At his death the collection was divided between his daughter the Duchess of Albany and his son the Cardinal King Henry IX; both parts were purchased by agents of the usurping House of Hanover, in whose possession it now remains. It has never been fully catalogued and, according to the editors of this selection, surprisingly little use has been made of it by historians of the period. The present volume contains a number of the letters, with explanations as to the writers and the circumstances, chosen either for their historic importance or their human interest.

The editors have done their work well. There are intimate letters between husbands and wives that show what traveling was like, and the money difficulties of the court in exile. The first great success and the failure of the loyalist rising of 1745 are reflected in touching letters from the king to the Prince of Wales, "Carluccio," and in secret letters from Louis XIV. And there is a group of letters from the Countess (and Jacobite Duchess) of Mar, a sister of Lady Wortley Montague, who writes with so much of her sister's spirit that one wishes for more letters by her. But she is the only one of the correspondents of whom that can be said. In bulk, the letters are limited in their themes and laborious in their style. The editors have done their best for their subjects, but the book will appeal to few except those who are already interested in anything that concerns the true king.

B. D.

Fiction

MR. MOONLIGHT'S ISLAND. By Robert Dean Frisbie. Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 363 *pp.* $2.50.

Although it is described as a novel on the jacket, this story of a man's life on a coral atoll somewhere in the South Seas differs in many respects from the usual escape book. Javan Moonlight, manager of the Line Islands Trading Company's station at Danger Island, is not a transient looking with wide eyes at the curious customs of the natives, to return to civilization and write a book about his experiences; he is a fixture and as such a part of the life around him. Observer, philosopher, interpreter, he also lives as a member of the community. His story is the record of how a man casts off the cluttering non-essentials of civilization to return, insofar as his civilized upbringing will let him, to a truer pattern of life. Escape, if you like—and Javan Moonlight would be delighted to tell you how much there is in the modern world that he wants to escape—but a better way of putting it is to say that he has exercised the power of choice.

For life goes on on Danger Island, and who can say that it is any the less life because it is freer, because the perspective and the proportion are different from those we know? There is no escape from the realities of birth and death and love. And there are the island people, who have made Javan one of them—Mama, the endearing gossip and Javan's absent-minded housekeeper; the incorrigible and irreverent William; Toa, the impulsive store boy whose complicated love-affairs run like quicksilver through the fabric of the story; the enchanting Misses Red-Jones and Tears, the vampire Miss Tern. There are other realities; there is the loveliness of the islands; there is the life of the mind and of books; there is the recurring mystery of dawn, of stars and storm and wind and sun on sea; and above all there is time to "stand and stare."

H. C. B.

BACK ROADS. By Katherine Haviland-Taylor. Lippincott. 1939. 331 *pp.* $2.50.

The country doctor has been riding in popular fiction. Be he horse-and-buggy or model-T-Ford physician, his work, his wit, and his wisdom seem to have some special charm for the reading public. Old Doctor Winters of Hillsborough, who is the hero of Katherine Haviland-Taylor's novel, is the very epitome of the qualities that make endearing these homespun healers of the sick. He is a "natural" physician and philosopher with an understanding of the minds of men as well as of their bodies.

The story of Doctor Winters in "Back Roads" begins when he is almost seventy. He has devoted his long life to aiding the people in and around the little country town. He manages to live in comfort, although the bills in Hillsborough are not paid any more quickly than elsewhere. But the Doctor's wants are few and his way of life simple so that all goes well until the town villain decides to run Old Doc out of business because of his failure to cure a certain incurable case. This villain is incredible in his machinations and it is here that the book is weakest. Would a village where a man had been known and admired for seventy years actually believe that he was, at that age, living a gay and immoral life just because nobody knew where he spent a certain night? But in the story they do and Old Doc comes very near to being lynched before the tide is turned in his favor by a series of events quite as astonishing as those which had led to his overthrow.

By making her hero too saintly and her villain too wicked Miss Haviland-Taylor has lost the chance to make them real people. But in the country setting, in a few of the minor characters, and in the Doctor himself in many of the daily scenes, the book has a temporary homely quality of living which might easily have extended to the whole if the author had been content to let well enough alone in the matter of emphasis.

G. G.

WHITE MAGIC. By Faith Baldwin. Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 305 *pp.* $2.

Faith Baldwin turns her black magic to reconstructing the white magic of Sun Valley. Dazzled, as she suggests in her dedication, by the magnificence of her setting, she has broken through her usual fairly simple formula, and at least in the first two-thirds of the book, allowed herself considerable realism. This time she tells not only the story of Garda, whose silver-gold hair, brown eyes, and forty millions suggest Barbara Hutton, but also the story of Ellen, the poor girl who falls in love with Franz, a charming and fortune-hunting nobleman. These three, with the romantic Larry who turns everything else to gold but can turn the golden Garda to flesh, Dick, Garda's sycophant cousin, Lisbeth, Franz's ex-mistress, and Joe the crook with whom she is now living, are all lost together in a one-room cabin in the mountains. Thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa are the new leaves which are turned in that icy cabin. "All our villains," as one character says, "turn out to be papier-mâché after all." The realism Miss Baldwin has achieved up to this point vanishes into a whole firmament of happy endings. Nevertheless, "White Magic" is one of Miss Baldwin's most successful books, for it demonstrates not only her smoothness and intelligence, as do all the others, but also her ambition and her capacity to outgrow her formula.

K. S.

DON QUIXOTE. Adapted by Leighton Barret. Little, Brown. 1939. 307 *pp.* $2.20.

No doubt there is something to be said for preparing a version of "Don Quixote" and omitting the *novelle* which, like the similar ones in "Tom Jones" and "Pickwick Papers," one always skips in rereading anyway; and perhaps there is even something

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be said for condensing some tedious passages in what remains. The unwary reader, seeing an edition which says on the title-page that it is "Adapted from the Motteux version" will naturally suppose that that is what has been done, the more so since the editor does not vouchsafe any foreword to explain how drastic his revision has been. Let the buyer beware! This is a complete rewriting; it is not merely that sentences are paraphrased, but that entire scenes are recast. Inevitably, this process takes away all the real flavor for which "Don Quixote" is read; Sancho Panza without his proverbs is not Sancho Panza, and Cervantes without his style is not Cervantes. And the inadequacies of this version go even deeper than matters of style; the editor actually leaves out essential points of incidents he includes. For a single example: Cervantes says that in equipping himself Don Quixote mended his helmet with pasteboard and tested it with a sword, which went clean through it; then he remade it as before, but did not trouble to test it, being persuaded that it would hold. This revision says nothing of the failure to make the second test, one of Cervantes's most characteristic touches, by which he puts the Don's sanity "gingerly in doubt," as Robert Bridges says Shakespeare did Hamlet's. Was he quite mad, rejecting the evidence of his senses? Or was he clearly only self-deceived? In all the subtleties of characterization and humor, Cervantes labored in vain for Mr. Barret. There is no law compelling any one to read Don Quixote if he does not wish to; but any one who does will be better advised to get a standard edition and do his own skipping; then in what he does read he will read Cervantes.

B. D.

THE REVOLT OF HENRY. By F. Hugh Herbert. Putnam. 1939. 311 *pp.* $2.

Henry is a Thurber character without the madness that lurks in Thurber thickets. Kindly, generous, full of sweetness and decency, he has for twenty years been married to Mildred. She looks like whey and tastes like vinegar. Henry's revolt is precipitated by the arrival of the gentle Sheila as cook. Sheila uses the completely unforgivable weapon: like Rachel Field's governess, she is womanly when the wife is frankly female. When Sheila is fired, Henry goes with her.

This very entertaining book should send every wife first to her mirror and then to her kitchen. Unfortunately, Mildred is to be met with at some times in the mirrors of most American wives; unfortunately also some aspects of Mildred are generally to be found in the kitchen. Impatience, arrogance, narrowness, and rugged individuals are still the keynotes of the American cook, as also of the American wife; happily for the American home, if not for the American husband. Nevertheless, though Mr. Herbert's solution is not necessarily universal, his problem is all too often encountered; and the mutterings of henpecked Henrys grow daily louder. Mr. Herbert, himself an English husband, is the best champion of the American husband since Sinclair Lewis wrote "Dodsworth."

K. S.

International

A JOURNAL OF REPARATIONS. By Charles G. Dawes. Macmillan. 1939. 527 *pp., with index.* $5.

Near the end of 1923 General Dawes was asked to serve, in an unofficial capacity, on a committee to devise a workable system of German reparation payments, and also to formulate a plan to put Germany back on her feet and thus aid the economic recuperation of Europe. He consented and was made chairman. The outcome was the Dawes Plan, which was in operation for five years and under which European conditions changed for the better. General Dawes has now published the journal which he kept from the moment he sailed for Paris until the plan bearing his name received its final touches. The text is preceded by forewords by Lord Stamp, who was a colleague of Dawes on the committee, and by Dr. Bruening, Hitler's immediate predecessor as Chancellor of the Reich, and now a scholar in exile in the United States.

The journal was never intended as a complete account of what was done in Paris, and it is in no sense a technical treatise on the reparation problem. General Dawes has recorded those events which impressed him most, and in this record the personal equation always bulks large. The story makes good reading, however, since the author expresses himself with the utmost clarity and simplicity and has a positive gift for sifting out salient facts and basic principles from masses of detail. He always shows the woods rather than the trees, and he shows little sympathy with those experts who were supposed to assist the committees but who could see only the trees.

Americans who, from newspaper stories and cartoons, have gained an impression of General Dawes as perpetually smoking an underslung pipe and shouting "Hell and Maria" at somebody, will be compelled to revise their ideas after reading the journal. General Dawes writes with commendable restraint and pays many glowing compliments to his collaborators. In one instance, however, he does complain that the "duty of long-continued temperance of expression and action is irksome," but he blows off only at the experts and at Dr. Schacht, then head of the Reichsbank,

*When Historical Dynamite Breaks Loose, What is Your I. Q.?**

HOW well equipped were you during the last few days—when the world lived from headline to headline—to appraise events for yourself?

If you had been supplementing your newspaper reading all along with sound, reliable books—such as Henry C. Wolfe's *The German Octopus* or M. W. Fodor's *Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe* —and sound, reliable magazines—such as *Current History*—Chances are you would have developed a broad news background of your own.

**Information Quotient*

Current History has a double value for serious, thinking readers, especially those who rely heavily on books and magazines for the backbone of their information. As a magazine of world affairs, it has earned a reputation for being both authoritative and comprehensive. And as a book review medium, it contains the largest exclusively non-fiction review section of any monthly magazine in America.

Thousands of people everywhere read *Current History* not only for its crystal-clear articles but also for its timely, colorful, non-fiction reviews.

SIX months $1

(Regular subscription rate $3. for one year.)

LS39

I am a reader of the *Saturday Review of Literature*. You may put me down for a six months' subscription to *Current History* in accordance with special introductory offer. I enclose one dollar.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CURRENT HISTORY

420 Madison Avenue New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"whose pride is equalled only by his ability for domination," and whose "personality had the effect of instilling caution into the committee."

As an international problem reparations are now as extinct as the dodo; but, as Lord Stamp indicates in his foreword, a study of the records pertaining to them may assist in settling other problems which still call for action. Hence, in making his journal a part of the public record, General Dawes has rendered a useful service.

W. O. S.

THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE. By Franz Borkenau. Viking. 1939. 167 *pp.* $2.

As Germany's challenge for world domination moves into another critical phase, onlookers are tempted to look behind day-to-day events and seek the basic pattern of Hitler's methods of conquest. Dr. Borkenau has ably performed this service by probing deeply into the Nazi ideology and analyzing the characteristics of the Nazi revolution.

National Socialism, he concludes, represents a fanatical, quasi-religious movement which is entirely negative and unprincipled. The Third Reich is impelled by the mystical character of its doctrine and by its own internal economic instability to achieve an unending stream of semi-miraculous political successes abroad. Varying their tactics to suit the special needs of time and place, the Nazis have sought everywhere to implant local fascist factions, in order to disrupt the unity of opposing governments. Dr. Borkenau traces German intrigue in Europe, the Near East, Africa, and Latin America by way of revelation of the multiform technique of Nazi agents. Anti-communism, anti-capitalism, anti-semitism, unbridled nationalism, economic domination—these are the chief weapons through which the process of imperceptible undermining is carried on all over the world.

The ultimate goal of this process, Dr. Borkenau insists, is unlimited by any boundaries. It is nothing less than fascist world revolution, which may culminate in the establishment of a great commonwealth of fascist states under German hegemony. Yet, while he acknowledges the potency of fascist strategy, the author cannot believe that an irrational, dictatorial, and economically unstable governmental system can carry off so grandiose a design. What is far more likely is an era of chaos from which some new and still unfathomable political order will eventually arise. Dr. Borkenau might have gone a step further and warned the democratic governments not to stand passively by without taking counter-measures to revitalize their own doctrines and their economic life. His analysis clearly reveals their fate if they do not do so.

D. H. P.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HANDWRITING scientifically analyzed, $2. Questions answered. Dr. Reiss, formerly Heidelberg. Box 174-D.

DO YOU LIKE mountain climbing, beautiful scenery, peace & quiet, swimming in very large swimming pool, tennis, badminton and other sports? Do you insist on simple, wholesome homecooking? Is one of your "M U S T S" extra comfortable inner spring beds? Then come to FERNCROFT, WONALANCET, N. H. "A Mountain Inn where Nature and Hospitality are Richly Bountiful." 700 acres in center of Sandwich Mountains. Trails to SEVEN MOUNTAINS START at FERNCROFT. $26.00 to $35.00 weekly including meals. Write NOW for large booklet.

WE HAVE WITH LEAVENED AND PREPARED CHOICE fashioned Mi Casa for comfort. Tucked in Mexican village of La Luz, veritable oasis, is this old adobe inn. Live in the shadow of a mountain peak, look out on the redoubtable White Sands, (picnic distance) ride good cowponies, pick Silver Moon roses or eat an insuperable soufflé; listen to Brahms 1st. or find Sagittarius . . . these, if you share our western adventure! Osborne Wood, La Luz, (reputed most equable climate in United States) New Mexico.

"HILLSIDE INN", Lyme, Conn. Quiet and restful. Excellent food. Real country life.

SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES—THE OLD MILL—An old time country inn at the water's edge—outdoor dining terraces. Booklet, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88.

"GREEN SHADOWS", Old Lyme, Conn. A delightful year-round vacation. Good food. Reasonable rates.

RURAL BEAUTY, urban comfort. Interesting, abundant meals. Congenial, entertaining companions. Two hours from City. Christian. The Farm on the Hill, Box 411, Stone Ridge, N. Y.

SEVERAL TEACHERS, unmarried, languages, science, mathematics, commercial, music, home economics, dramatics, wanted at College for room, board, no salary. Salary second year. Send recommendations, unreturnable photograph. Box 423-D.

ARIZONA RANCH LIFE with comforts. Climate, scenery unsurpassed. Excellent meals, riding, music, privacy. Plenty copy around. $100.00 monthly. Or rent separate Mexican complete housekeeping cottages. Modern picturesque. $40.00 and $55.00 monthly. No T.B.s. Mimi Agatin Abbott, Curly Horse Ranch, Sonoita, Arizona.

FOR RENT: Spacious 8 room house completely furnished. 3 bed rooms, 3 bath rooms, maid's quarters. 3 acres garden and fruit trees in Montecito. Mountain view. Ideal for sabbatical holiday. Near good schools, beach. Moderate terms for minimum 6-month lease. Agents: Ogilvie and Gilbert, Santa Barbara.

WRITE TODAY for YOUR FREE copy of "The Autobiography of a Modern Old Lady" which will tell YOU all about this fascinating 140 year old COLONIAL INN with THE VIEW of Lake WINNEPESAUKEE and the WHITE MOUNTAINS. Jean and Todd Wallace provide their Christian clientèle with New England cooking that has an indefinable tang that's delicious. Dining Porch, inner spring beds, rooms with & without bath, 300 acre playground. One mile to Belknap Mts. Climbing, swimming, golf & all sports. $20.00 per week—$5.00 per day—No extras. Holiday House, Gilford-Laconia, N. H. The Inn that's delightfully different!

SMALL GRAND PIANO. Cost $400 (used) 1935; sell $150. Box 428-D.

PERSONALS

YOUNG MAN, college graduate, will tutor. French specialty. P. O. Box 37, Middlefield, Mass.

ACTIVE, RESOURCEFUL, traveled Englishman seeks employment anywhere. Naturalized, abstemious, middle-aged, tolerant agnostic and ardent New Dealer. Could do political or literary research, secretarial work, and manage country estate. Careful driver. Residing eastern New York. Box 430-D.

NEAR GRACIE MANSION: Former concert studio, bath, bedroom, overlooking garden. First floor, private house. Fireplace. $60. Parker, 438 East 88th Street. SAcramento 2-8328.

FOR SALE, desirable property. Sixteen room house, granite, beautiful grounds, garage and cottage, tennis court. Thirty minutes by train to New York. Inquire Fleming—Apex Hotel—Butte, Montana.

SWISS CHALET IN BERKSHIRES, five large rooms (electrically equipped) fireplace, bath, 40 ft. piazza, superb view, 20 acres, altitude 1850 ft. Ideal location for writer or artist. 160 miles from N. Y., 18 miles from Pittsfield on Sky-line Trail. $60 for one autumn month. Professor Herbert A. Youtz, Middlefield, Mass.

A ROMANTIC "OLD WORLD" TYPE "HUNTING LODGE" amidst ancient Pines, with quaint old Farm House adjoining forest of 7,00 acres of Game Refuge. At headwaters of Lehigh River. Elevation 2,000. In Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania. 3 hours from New York. Year-round-home of cultured couple, who would entertain as paying guests—all those who seek beauty and peace, for rest or creative work. All conveniences. Restricted. Exclusive. References. Box 429-D.

OPPORTUNITY to buy secure income in section of delightful climate and scenic beauty in Virginia mountains; two newspaper businesses, monopolies in neighbor towns—larger with population of 8,000 and rapidly growing, smaller with population of 2,500; jointly operated to great economic advantage. Price $30,000, terms subject to arrangement. Address Box 427-D.

GUESTS for Blue Ridge Mountains Country Home. Beautiful surroundings. Accessible. Excellent food. Rooms with open fires, baths—$12.50. Box 426-D.

VERMONT HOMES AND FARMS reasonably priced, candidly described. Ask Realty Associates, Brattleboro, Vermont for catalog or consult E. T. Van de Water, 11 Park Place, Manhattan.

FIFTY MINUTES from New York. Spacious furnished apartment near station. Large grounds, steam heat, hot water, electric refrigerator, gas range. Box 112, Glenbrook, Conn.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Good Books. Particularly Walt Whitman and Lewis Carroll. Our catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

WRITERS! WE'LL HELP SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPT! We market novels, stories, books, juveniles, articles, verse, plays, scenarios. Constructive criticism, ghost-writing, editing, typing, research at moderate fees. Every writer assured personal attention. Send for our free booklet "New Approach to the Author's Marketing Problems." LYONS & ETTER, 280 Madison Avenue (40th), N. Y. C.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 20 YEARS—Novels, short stories, books, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts marketed. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in handling hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write now for information regarding our resultful service. WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Ave., at 51st., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED SALES SERVICE for royalty publication: Stories, Novels, Articles, Books. Established manuscript placement record. "New" and "unknown" authors advised, promoted. Write for information. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd St., N. Y.

GHOST WRITING, COLLABORATION, EDITING—is there a book or article you want to write? A brochure or speech prepared? Special research? Let us do it for you. Here's a brilliant service by a staff of nationally-known editors and authors. We'll write the manuscript or edit yours. For publishers, we can take over complete editing, designing, production of books, magazines. Our work is careful, speedy; our fees low. Editorial Associates, 518 West 48th Street, New York City. Circle 7-0435.

STORIES, books, verse, drama, criticized, revised, marketed. Send MSS. No reading charge. Theses, speeches, ghost writing, reviews. MARANATHA WRITERS-SPEAKERS, 156 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

PAULINE RESNIKOFF—MANUSCRIPTS—excellently typed—corrected. Sincere, intelligent PERSONAL ATTENTION. MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE, 242 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.—LExington 2-4770.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References. 1142—4th Avenue, Los Angeles, California, REpublic 8644.

MOST AUTHORS NEED HELP! SALES! to book and magazine publishers, U. S. and foreign; also motion picture scripts. Advice on revision. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park St., Boston, Mass.

BOOKPLATES

LARGE ASSORTMENT to choose from. Albums loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BARGAIN OFFERS

500,000 Used Books
Out of Print Books Searched For
Wants Receive Prompt Attention
SCHULTE'S BOOK STORE, INC.
80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Ave., New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. Our system locates books of every description, all subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. London publications specialized in. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your wants for immediate attention. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, 117 West 48th Street, Dept. 300, New York, Telephone BRyant 9-5214. (Established 1931).

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SOURCE AND OUT-OF-PRINT book specialists for Authors, Collectors, Librarians, Researchers. Louis Greenfield, 420 Madison Avenue, N. Y.

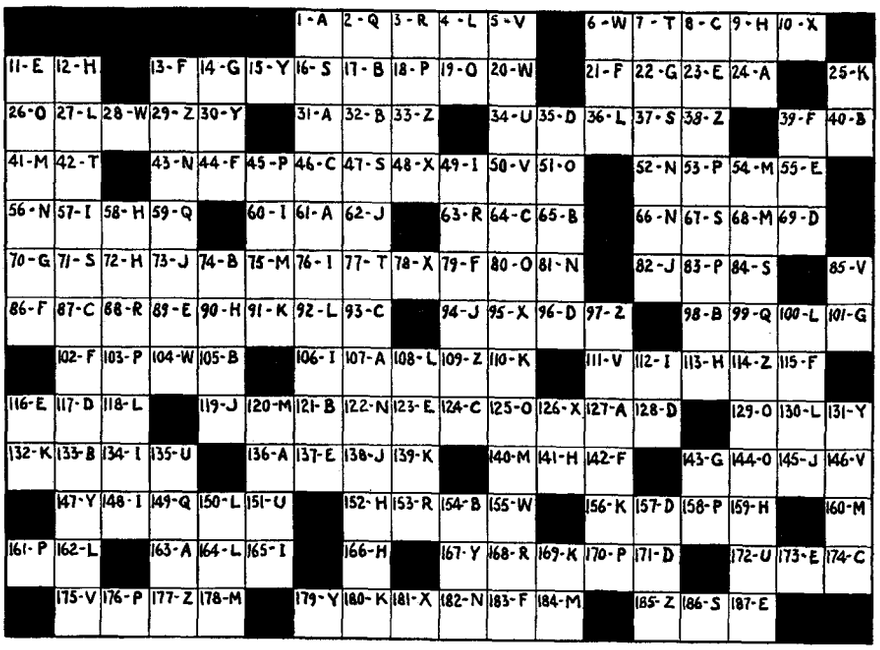
OUR SERVICE CONSISTS of supplying items for your Library which you cannot easily obtain. We are equipped to provide Out-of-Print Books, Periodicals, Prints, Autographs, and Art reproductions—foreign and domestic. A letter regarding your requirements will bring prompt attention without obligation. INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY GUILD, 1860 Broadway, Dept. B, New York.

GENERAL

DO YOU KNOW Manly P. Hall's writings? He is one of America's greatest minds. Read him in Wynn's Astrology Magazine for September on "Life's Seven Laws."

Double-Crostics: No. 284

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Play by Molière.
B. Caprice (music.)
C. Son of Laius.
D. N. Y. valley Iroquois Indians.
E. Custodian of antiquities.
F. Redirected (of energy.)
G. Not the same.
H. Divergent.
I. Merry-go-round.
J. American painter (1779-1843.)
K. Jaundiced.
L. Giddy.
M. Character in "Antony and Cleopatra."
N. Birthplace of Edith Wharton.
O. Interdict.
P. Italian composer (1760-1842.)
Q. Penname of famous English essayist.
R. Tersely cogent.
S. French novelist, critic (1866—.)
T. English cathedral town.
U. Constellation Cygnus.
V. Most primitive kindred group.
W. Hazardous.
X. French poet (15th cent.)
Y. Large African antelopes.
Z. Thorough (comp.; derogatory.)

WORDS

A. 31 107 1 24 127 136 163 61
B. 32 65 98 133 17 105 121 74 40 154
C. 64 46 174 8 87 124 93
D. 171 35 117 157 69 96 128
E. 137 173 116 89 123 187 23 55 11
F. 115 183 39 102 79 13 86 21 44 142
G. 14 70 22 101 143
H. 159 166 90 9 12 141 152 113 72 58
I. 134 112 57 165 60 49 148 76 106
J. 82 138 94 145 62 119 73
K. 110 180 139 132 169 156 91 25
L. 27 118 36 162 150 4 130 100 164 108 92
M. 54 178 68 160 140 184 120 75 41
N. 52 122 56 81 182 43 66
O. 26 51 19 125 129 144 80
P. 18 176 53 170 161 45 158 83 103
Q. 2 59 99 149
R. 88 3 168 153 63
S. 71 186 37 47 16 67 84
T. 7 77 42
U. 135 34 172 151
V. 146 175 85 5 50 111
W. 6 28 20 104 155
X. 181 95 78 48 126 10
Y. 30 131 147 15 179 167
Z. 38 33 97 114 29 185 177 109

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Reviewers

BEN RAY REDMAN

He is one of the people who bridge a great deal of American literary history in a sort of house-that-Jack-built way—he knew and worked for a man who shook the hand of Washington Irving: the late Major George Haven Putnam, of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In the advertising department of the publishing house at that time (1924) were two other young people who also were to become famous. Ben Ray Redman succeeded to the job of one, and married the other. The young man, Putnam's advertising manager, was Louis Bromfield, who left to write "The Green Bay Tree." The young woman, his assistant, was Frieda Inescort, even then a part-time actress, and now a stage and screen celebrity.

Mr. Redman was a British army officer during the World War. He flew for the Royal Flying Corps; and was squadron scout pilot at the Ypres front. Upon his return to America he became managing editor of *Travel Magazine,* and for seven years he was literary editor of *Spur.* Later, he devoted himself exclusively to free lance literary work.

Few men have as close an acquaintance with the world's classics as has Mr. Redman. For many years he conducted the *New York Herald-Tribune's* "Old Wine in New Bottles"—a scholarly survey of old books in new editions.

His first book was verse, "Masquerade," published in 1923. Two years later he wrote a study of Edwin Arlington Robinson, and in 1930, a war novel, "Down in Flames." He was the American adviser on "The Oxford Companion to English Literature." The French translations Mr. Redman has made, the books he has edited, and the introductions and magazine features he has written are too numerous to list. He has also written for the motion pictures.

He and his wife are at present in Hollywood, where, because of her work, they may settle permanently.

Ben Ray Redman is a good example of that uncommon thing, the all-round literary man. For *The Saturday Review* he does many of the feature novels of the day. His guidance in your book buying will alone save you the price of a subscription ($4 a year).

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of LITERATURE
420 Madison Avenue New York City

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

AN old friend and former contributor to the *S. R. L.,* Henry Chapin, the poet, dropped in to see us the other day, looking ruddy and bronzed from a sailing trip. He came, as was appropriate, to tell us of his travels, for it was a personal that appeared in our columns that led to his adventures. Some time ago, Captain Frank Swift advertised that the schooner *Annie F. Kimball* would take aboard congenial literary people for a cruise, and a group was gathered to whom such a holiday enterprise appealed. Below we reproduce a picture of the schooner, which sailed out of Camden, Me., with a gathering of writers. Mrs. Carl Carmer can be seen comfortably poised on deck; and Mr. Chapin himself, conversing with her. Somewhere invisible are DuBose and Dorothy Heyward, Marjorie Flack, author of children's books, Carl Carmer, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Day, and Chapin Jackson.

☞Speaking of children's books reminds us that there has come in from Dodd, Mead a most engaging volume by Elizabeth Anne Bond, the twelve-year-old daughter of our friend Raymond Bond, dispenser of Red Seal mysteries, and her thirteen-year-old chum, Joan Elaine Rabin. *Crunch the Squirrel* is just such a happy-go-lucky little animal as children would delight in and his young biographers have told his story with charming simplicity. Their direct narrative and economical detail might well be the envy of more mature writers. Kurt Wiese has decorated the book with illustrations in his usual happy manner. ☞ Another volume that should delight youngsters (perhaps a bit older than those to whom *Crunch* would appeal) is *Treasure in Gaspesy* into which *Amy Hogeboom* manages to squeeze a lot of information about the Gaspé peninsula. The book has enchanting illustrations in color and in black and white by the author, and weaves its facts and legends into a chronicle of the excursions of some small children. Dutton publishes it. ☞The Academy of American Poets sends us word that the prize-winning poem in the contest for the official poem of the New York World's Fair, 1939, may be secured in printed form upon application to Bowne & Co., 163 Front Street, New York City. Two editions have been made available, the regular one at twenty-five cents per copy, and a special numbered library edition at a dollar per copy.

Literary Cruise: the *Annie F. Kimball*

☞Re the 3 P.M. Feeling, recently mentioned here, Rey Biemiller quotes the following from Thoreau on *Walking*:—"I am astonished at the power of endurance, to say nothing of moral insensibility, of my neighbors who confine themselves to shops and offices the whole day for weeks and months, aye, and years almost together. I know not what manner of stuff they are of, —sitting there now at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as if it were three o'clock in the morning. Bonaparte may talk of the three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, but it is nothing to the courage which can sit down cheerfully at this hour in the afternoon over against one's self whom you have known all the morning, to starve out a garrison to whom you are bound by such strong ties of sympathy."

☞Our correspondent *May Henderson Taylor* has sent us the following poem:

RHAPSODY ROMANESQUE

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,
Make me a Roman dame, just for tonight!
Provide me a villa, a Caesar for spouse,
And give me, for guests, the ones I now house.
Couches, to loll on, I'll need for the dears,
Roast pigs, all crackling from trotters to ears,
Liquors Lucullan, to flow through the night,
That folks may grow mellow before morning light,
Honey from Hybla and brown oaten loaves—
All this by a pool holding lampreys in droves.

Friendly, forbearing, and wearing a grin,
I'll endure prosy stories, and spillage, and din.
But the trick that awakened the tigress in me
And made me yearn darkly for antiquitee,
No guest should attempt at my classical spree,
Unless he's desirous of felo-de-se!
For one fatal gesture, how horrid the doom!
He'll be pounced on by bondslaves and hurled through the gloom—
Flung to the lampreys voracious—plop!—swish!—
Who takes, for an ashtray, Pompeia's pet dish!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED